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GREAT-GRANDFATHER.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

GREAT-GRANDFATHER was so lovable, wise, and good! We all looked up to great-grandfather. He used to be called, as far back as I can remember, "Father's-father," and also "Mother's-father;" but when brother Frederick's little son came into the family, he was promoted, and got the title of "Great-grandfather." He could not expect to get any higher!

He was very fond of us all, but our times he did not seem fond of. "Old times were good times," he used to say; "quiet and steady-going they were; in these days there is such a hurrying and turning upside-down of everything. The young people lay down the law, and speak of the kings, even, as if they were their equals. Any good-for-nothing fellow can dip a rag in rotten water, and wring it out over the head of an honorable man!"

Great-grandfather would get quite angry and red in the face, when he talked of these things; but very soon he would smile his kind, genial smile, and say, "Well, well! I may be mistaken; I belong to the old times, and can't quite get a foot-hold in the new! May God lead and guide us aright!"

When great-grandfather got to talking of old times, it seemed to me that I was living in them, so clearly did I see it all. Then I fancied myself driving along in a gilt coach, with fine liveried servants standing on the step behind; I saw the guilds move their signs, and march in procession, with banners, and with music at their head; I was present at the merry Christmas feasts, where games of forfeit were being played,

and where the players were dressed in fancy dress and mask. It is true that in those old times cruel and dreadful things used to happen, such as torture, and rack, and bloodshed; but all these horrors had something stirring about them that fascinated me. I used to fancy how it was when the Danish lords gave the peasants their liberty, and when the Crown Prince of Denmark abolished the slave-trade.

It was famous to hear great-grandfather tell of all this, and to hear him speak of his youth. But I think the times before that, even, were the very best of all, — so strong and great!

"It was a rude time!" said brother Frederick; "thank God we are well out of it!" And he used to say this right out to great-grandfather: that was very improper, I know, but I had great respect for Frederick all the same. He was my oldest brother, and he said he was old enough to be my father, — but then he said so many odd things. He had graduated with honors, and was so bright and clever at his work in father's office, that father intended to take him into partnership soon. He was the one, of us all, that great-grandfather talked most to; but they did not get on well, and always fell to arguing; they did not understand each other, those two, — and never would, said the family; but, small as I was, I soon saw that neither of them could do without the other. Great-grandfather used to listen with the brightest look in his eyes, when Frederick read aloud about the progress in science, or new discoveries of natural laws, and of all the other wonders of our age.

"The human race grows cleverer, but not better," great-grandfather used to say; "they take pains to contrive the most dreadful and hurtful weapons, wherewith to kill and maim each other."

"So much the sooner will the war be over," Frederick would reply; "then one need not wait seven years for the blessings of peace. The world is full-blooded, and needs a blood-letting from time to time — that is a necessity."

One day Frederick told him of something that had really happened in a small country, and in our age. The mayor's clock — the large clock on the City Hall — marked the time for the city, and for all its inhabitants. The clock did not go very well, but that did not matter, nor prevent everybody from being guided by it. Then by and by railways were built in that country, and clocks are always connected with the railways in other countries, — so that one must be very sure of the time, and know it very exactly, or else there will be collisions. At the railway station they had a sun-regulated clock that was perfectly reliable and exact, — but not so the mayor's, — and now everybody went by the railway clock.

I laughed, and thought it was a funny story, but great-grandfather did not laugh; he grew very serious.

"There is a deep meaning in what you have been telling me," he said, "and I understand the thought that prompted you to tell it to me. There is a moral in that clock-work; it makes me think of another clock, — my parents' plain, old-fashioned Barnholm clock, with the leaden weights. It was the time-measurer for their lives, and for my childhood. I dare say it did not go very correctly, but it did go, and we used to look at the hour-hand, and believed in it, and never thought about the wheels inside. The government machinery was like that old clock; in those days everybody had faith in it, and only looked at the hour-hand. Now the government machinery is like a clock in a glass case, so that one can look right into the machinery, and see the wheels turning and whizzing: one gets quite anxious, sometimes, as to what will become of that spring, or that wheel! And then I think how will it be possible for all this to keep time? and I miss my childish faith in the faultlessness of the old clock. That is the weakness of these times!"

And then great-grandfather would talk till he got quite angry. He and Frederick did not agree well, and yet they could not bear to be separated, — "just like the old times and the new."

They both felt this when Frederick was to start on his journey, — far away, to America. It was on business for the firm, that he had to go. A sad parting it was for great-grandfather, and a long, long journey, — quite across an immense ocean, and to another part of the globe.

"You shall have a letter from me every fortnight," said Frederick, "and, quicker than by any letter, you will hear of me by means of the telegraph. The days will be like hours, and the hours like minutes!"

Through the telegraph came a greeting from Frederick, from England, when he was going on board the steamer. Sooner than by letter — even if the quick-sailing clouds had been postmen — came news from America, where Frederick had gone on shore but a few hours since.

"What a glorious, divine thought this is, that is given us in this age," said great-grandfather; "it is a real blessing for the human race."

"And it was in our country," I said, "that *that* law of nature was first understood and expressed. Frederick told me so!"

"Yes," said great-grandfather, and kissed me; "and I have looked into the two kind eyes that were the first to see this wonderful law of nature, — they were child's eyes, like yours, — and I have pressed his hand!" and then he kissed me again.

More than a month had passed, when a letter from Frederick brought us the news that he was engaged to a beautiful and lovable young girl, whom he was sure the whole family would be delighted with. He sent her photograph, too, and we all looked at it just so with our eyes, and then with a magnifying-glass; for this is the beauty of those pictures, — that not only can they bear the closest inspection by the sharpest magnifying-glass, but that then, and not till then, you get the full likeness. This is what no painter has been able to do, not even the greatest in old times.

"If only that discovery had been made earlier in my time," said great-grandfather, "then we might now have seen, face to face, the world's greatest and best men! How good and gentle this young girl looks," and he gazed long at her through the glass. "Now I know her face, I shall recognize her at once, when she comes in at the door." But that had very nearly never come to pass; luckily, we at home did not hear of the danger till it had past.

The young couple reached England pleasantly and safely, and from there they meant to go by steamer to Copenhagen. They were in sight of

land,—the Danish coast, and the white, sandy downs of the west coast of Jutland. There was a heavy sea, that threatened to dash the ship on the shore, and no life-boat could get out to them. Then came the night, dark and dismal; but in the midst of the darkness came a bright blazing rocket from the shore, and shot out far over the ship that was aground. The rocket carried a rope, that fell down on the ship; and thus the connection between those on shore and those at sea was established. And soon, through the heavy, rolling sea, the saving-car was being drawn slowly toward the shore: and in it was a young and lovely woman, alive and well; and



wonderfully happy was she when her young husband stood by her side on the firm, sandy beach. All on board were saved, and that before it was quite day.

We were sound asleep here in Copenhagen, thinking neither of sorrow nor danger. When we were all assembled for breakfast came a rumor, caused by a telegram, of the wreck of an English steamer on the west coast. We all grew

heart-sore and anxious; but within the hour came a telegram from the dear ones, who were saved,—Frederick and his young wife,—who would soon be with us.

All cried; I cried too, and great-grandfather cried, and folded his hands, and—I am sure of it—blessed the present age.

That day great-grandfather gave two hundred rix-dollars toward erecting the monument to

Hans Christian Örsted. When Frederick came home with his young wife, and heard of it, he said: "That was right, great-grandfather! Now I'll read for you what Örsted wrote, many, many years ago, about old times and new times!"

"I suppose he was of your opinion," said great-grandfather.

"Yes, that you may be sure of," said Frederick; "and so are you, for you have given something to his monument!"

THE HOUSE THAT JOHN BUILT.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

IV.

THE MAIDEN ALL FORLORN.

So John rode Skittles into Lincolnshire. But he did not perform this feat in a day. The distance was at least one hundred miles, and Mr. Nichols intended making a very leisurely journey of it. They rode along in an easy, comfortable manner, Mr. Nichols generally in front, John and Skittles next, and the servant-man (Thompson) on a stout horse, pretty well loaded with baggage, brought up the rear. If there was no other reason for going slowly, Thompson's horse would have been a very good one. But Mr. Nichols had no idea of taking his new hunter to the scene of his expected triumphs in an exhausted condition; and for fear, perhaps, that he might be tempted to make too frequent trials of the horse's speed, should he find himself on Skittles's back, he did not mount him at all during the whole journey. Sometimes Mr. Nichols would talk a little with John, but he generally rode in advance, wrapped in his own thoughts, and, as the night approached, in a light cloak. As Thompson was by no means such company as John had been used to, or cared about, our young friend had quite a quiet time of it. But he was not by any means annoyed at this, and the journey was exceedingly pleasant to him. The scenery, the people he met, the little towns they passed through, the inns at which they stopped to dine or to spend the night, — everything that he saw, was novel and delightful. The air, too, was more like that to which he had been accustomed on the banks of the Leine, and the hills around Steinhuder lake, than any he had breathed for the past two years; and that in itself was enough to make him feel as gay as a kitten.

The morning of the third day of the trip was particularly fine. As they left the little village

where they had spent the night, Mr. Nichols (for the first time during the journey) met a gentleman with whom he was acquainted; and telling John and Thompson to ride on slowly, he stopped to have a chat with him. Skittles was in high good-humor, and although John restrained his temper as much as possible, he got on faster than either his master or his rider intended. But as for Thompson's horse, his night's rest had apparently made him stiff, and he went slower than usual. The consequence of this was that John was soon a considerable distance ahead of the rest of the small party. The road over which he was now riding wound along by a thick wood; and on the opposite side there stretched for miles a wide expanse of rolling land, apparently a common, or sheep-pasture. As John gazed over this succession of gentle slopes, he was filled with a desire to give Skittles the reins, and take a splendid run over the smooth turf. He thought he would be willing to give Mr. Nichols a half-week's pay for a half-hour's dash at the full speed of his horse. But as he was well aware that a proposition of the kind would be very apt to result in his employer's engagement, at the next village, of a boy who had no such wild proclivities, he wisely concluded to think no more of such an extravagant bargain. Just as he had come to this conclusion, two travellers rode out of a little lane in the woods, and the three riders had like to have come in collision. Reining up, the travellers inquired of John where he was going, and why he did not keep a better look-out; and then they fell to admiring his horse. Upon being informed in regard to the ownership of the animal, one of them announced that he knew Mr. Nichols, and they passed on, expressing the hope that they might meet him. When these gentlemen had left him, John halted

for a few minutes, that his companions might catch up with him; and chancing to look up the little lane, he saw upon the ground a spur which one of the travellers had probably dropped. John dismounted and picked it up, and then rode back a little way, to see if he could see its owner. But the two men were out of sight. Then, while waiting for Mr. Nichols (for he did not think he was called upon to tire his master's horse, to ride after strangers, who were hurrying away so rapidly), he strapped the spur upon his left foot. Now he felt, more than ever, like a dash over the commons. But he restrained himself; and finding it difficult to keep Skittles still, he rode on again, but very slowly. Soon he heard the galloping of horses behind him, and turning, saw it was the two travellers returning at full speed. He stopped, and leaned over to unbuckle the spur, that he might give it to them; but before he had time to do so, they had ridden up against him, one of them had seized Skittles's bridle, and the other ordered John to instantly dismount. As John (astonished at this demand) did not obey, the man who had made it gave him a push which nearly unhorsed him. In a moment he became aware that these men intended to steal his horse. Without pausing to reflect any longer upon the subject, he straightened himself in the saddle, shouted to Skittles, and plunged the spur in the animal's flank. The spirited horse, already frightened at the sudden *rencontre*, gave one mad plunge forward, burst away from the man who was holding him, and was across the road and on the common in an instant. And now John had the run he longed for. Both men gave chase, and away went the three as fast as their horses' legs could drive them. Rushing over the turf at a mad gallop, John shouting, and plying his spur, and the two men urging their horses to their highest speed, the scene was as exciting as the wildest rider could have desired; but John would now have given two weeks' pay to have been slowly trotting in safety along the road. But the chase was not a long one; no ordinary horses could hold out against the blood and muscle of Skittles, and John soon left his pursuers a good distance behind him. Bounding over a ditch that he did not perceive until he was nearly upon it, John turned his horse to the left, and rode along in the direction of the village, hoping soon to catch a sight of Mr. Nichols and Thompson. However, he saw nothing of them. But he did very distinctly see that the two travellers, or the two horse-thieves, were riding back also, and

keeping at but a short distance from the ditch. As he did not desire to ride further into this common, he concluded he must cross the ditch again, and dash into the main-road before the thieves reached him. When he reached the ditch, he found that it was much wider, and the water deeper than it was above. However, there was nothing to be done but to get over, and rush away, before these scoundrels could catch up with him. So, with a loud cry, he spurred Skittles at the ditch. The horse made a grand spring into the air, came down heavily on the edge of the opposite bank, and with his hind-legs endeavored to push himself up on solid ground. But the foothold was too treacherous,—the bank gave way, and Skittles slipped back into the ditch. John now sprang from his back, scrambled up on the bank, and pulling vigorously with the bridle, got the horse safely up. Just at this minute the two men were upon him. He had not time to mount: one of the men lifted his riding-whip to knock him down, and John saw that escape was impossible. Dextrously avoiding the heavy butt-end of the descending whip, he dropped Skittles's bridle, gave him a kick in the ribs, and away went the gallant hunter at headlong speed. "Anyhow!" shouted John, "you sha'n't get the horse!"

But they had got *him*. Mad with disappointment (for they knew that it was of no use to pursue the fleet-footed Skittles), they vented their rage on John, and struck him several times with their whips, cursing and swearing at him immoderately. Directly one of them perceived the spur on John's foot. "O ho!" he cried, "you little thief! Stolen my spur! Well, sir, you shall pay for this!"

"Stolen your spur, you robber!" cried John. "I have done nothing of the kind."

But all his assertions and explanations were of no avail. After considerable loud talking and abuse, during which John had much trouble in avoiding the constantly wielded whips, the men seized John, and tied his arms behind him with a strap. Then they put a piece of rope around his wrists, each of them took hold of an end of it, and putting their horses to a trot, they made him run between them. He could not, however, keep up with them long, and before they had gone far he fell down. Then they perceived that they must either walk their horses or kill the boy, and they went more slowly. But they did not go toward the high-road; keeping along the ditch, they soon struck into a road or lane, which led them (after scrambling over a low hedge) in

a direction almost at right angles to the highway. After a mile or so, this lane became quite narrow, and bordered by high trees; and they had not gone very far into this portion of it, before they met a farm-wagon, drawn by two heavy horses. A laborer rode one of the horses, and in the wagon was a man who appeared to be a farmer. At the sight of the two riders leading a boy bound between them, the farmer called out to his man to stop; and when the two men came up with John, he asked them what all this meant.

"It's a young thief we're taking to prison," said one of them; and they attempted to ride by the wagon. But this was difficult on account of both riders being obliged to pass on the same side, and the consequent delay gave John time to cry out to the farmer, "Help me, sir! These men are robbers themselves. I am no thief, and they know it."

At this the farmer jumped out of the tail of his wagon, and stood before the horse of the nearest rider. "Thief or no thief," said he, "you have no right to lead him along that way. He looks ready to drop down. Why don't you take him up behind one of you? What did he steal, and where are you taking him?"

"He stole my spur," said one of the men, "and we are taking him to Ramsdale, to be committed for the theft. He can get up behind me, if he's tired."

"I stole no spur," cried John. "These men tried to steal my horse. Stop them, sir, if you please. They are horse-thieves."

"That's very likely," said one of the men, laughing. "As for the spur, we have proof positive, for he has it on now."

The farmer looked at John's feet, but saw no spur. John looked himself, with a like result.

"No," said he, "it has dropped off."

Sure enough, the spur, which had a defective buckle, had become unfastened during John's foot-travel, and was gone.

"Anyway, he admits he had it," said the man who had lost it.

"Of course I do," said John; "but you know very well that I found it."

The men were now moving off, when the farmer again stopped them, and asked where all this took place. They told him; and he then said that in that case they had no right to take the boy to Ramsdale, some five or six miles away, for Sir Humphrey Barker was the magistrate for this parish, and before him they should produce their prisoner. The men then said they were strangers in that part of the country, and thought

that the nearest magistrate was to be found at Ramsdale, and inquired where Sir Humphrey lived. On being told that the entrance to his estate was about a half mile behind them, in the direction in which the farmer was going, they hesitated for a moment or two, and then declared that they must take their prisoner to Ramsdale, for they were on an important journey, and had no time to turn back.

"You may go there if you please," said the farmer, getting very red in the face, "but you sha'n't take this boy there, when the proper magistrate can be reached in ten minutes."

"Let him stay here, then!" cried the owner of the spur; and, dropping the rope, both men rode away as fast as their horses would carry them.

"Did you ever see those men before?" asked the farmer of his man.

"Never in my life, sir," said the man.

"Then," cried the farmer, "I believe they told the truth when they said they were strangers; but as for the rest of their story, I believe it's all a lie."

John firmly supported this opinion, and gave a detailed account of his disasters.

"I believe you," said the farmer. "I thought you were honest from the minute you owned up to having lost the spur. It would have been just as easy to have said you never had it. As for those men, all they wanted was to get you away where you could set no one on their track. A magistrate indeed!"

John now got into the wagon, and they all moved on.

"What are you going to do now?" said the farmer. "You can never catch up to your master on foot."

"Of course I cannot," said John; "but it's not likely he'll keep on after he misses me, and finds I have not passed the taverns and inns ahead. He'll be back again before long, I'm sure; and if I can get to the high-road, I shall keep on it until I see him, or hear something from him."

"Very good," said the farmer; "and if you get over the fence just down here, and go over the fields, you will come to a lane which will lead you to the highway much sooner than will this one."

So, when they reached the spot referred to, John got out, took a grateful leave of the farmer, and started across the fields.

He soon came to the lane of which the farmer had told him, and he hurried through it, hoping

soon to reach the high-road. Turning a little curve, he suddenly came upon a maiden all forlorn. She was indeed very forlorn. She was sitting upon the top of a high gate-post, and was crying piteously. But the moment she saw John, she stopped short in her weeping, and cried out, — "Quick! Jump up on the other post!"

Now John could see no reason for his mounting a tall gate-post; but the manner of the girl was so earnest and excited, that he thought it better to obey first, and inquire afterwards; and so he jumped up on the fence, and was on the gate-post in a twinkling. But he was not there an instant too soon, for a great bull-dog, with a piece of chain dangling from his heavy collar, sprang at his heels just as he had drawn them out of reach.

"He's been watching me here for more than half an hour," said the little maiden, who was beginning to sob again (for which she was excusable, being only about thirteen years old), "and I was expecting every minute I should fall off. But your post is the worst, for the top is broken. Mine's flat."

In answer to John's inquiries, the little maid informed him that she was passing here with a basket of bread and meat for old Nurse Taylor, and that the dog — it was Farmer Peter's big bull — had dashed at her, and if it had not been for the bread and meat, which fell out of the basket when she jumped away from him, she believed he would have torn her into shreds. But while he was eating the meat, she climbed up the post, and tore her clothes dreadfully in doing it.

"And I couldn't get down on either side, you know," said she, "because the gate is open. I pity the next person who comes along, for there are no more posts."

John laughed at this, and then said it would never do to sit there all day.

"But what will you do?" said the little maiden.

"If we could shut the gate," replied John, "while the dog's inside, we could then get down and go away."

No objection was urged to this plan, even by the dog, who sat directly in the gateway, turning his red eyes first on one of his prisoners, and

then on the other, as he lolled his great tongue out of his mouth, — but the trouble was to do it. However, John concluded to try.

"Would you mind," said he to his companion, "making believe that you were going to get down? If the dog will come over there, perhaps I can shut the gate."

The maiden replied that she didn't mind making believe a little; and she did so, — a very lit-



tle indeed, — just putting her foot down a few inches further than it was before. But the movement was enough for the dog, who immediately sprang up at her. Then John reached down his foot until it touched the top of the gate, which was hinged to his post, and tried to pull it shut. But it was very hard to do it; and he had moved it but a short distance, when the dog looked around, saw his leg hanging down, and made a dash at him, which pushed the gate still wider open, and made John draw up his foot with a jerk, which had like to have tumbled him off the post. This attempt was a total failure, and the

little maiden was beginning to look more forlorn than ever, when John thought of a new plan. Above his head were the outermost branches of a large tree, and, carefully standing upon his post, he caught hold of a long twig, and pulled it down to him. Then he cut it off as high up as he could, and sitting down again, trimmed it so that a stiff hook was left on the largest end. Then, requesting the young girl to make another motion to get down, which was followed by the same attention as before on the part of the dog, John hooked the twig on the centre upright of the gate, pulled it slowly in, and, without disturbing the dog in his attempts on the girl, closed the gate so far that with a jerk he latched it.

"Hurrah!" cried John. "Now let's get down."

"But if I get on the fence, he can reach me," said the girl.

"Well then, wait," cried John; and rising to his feet, he sprang lightly to the ground, and going to the other post, he told Miss Forlornity to stand up and jump, and he would catch her. The young lady for some time objected to this, but at last, seeing there was no other way to get down, she jumped, John caught her, and she landed safely on the ground. Leaving the raging bull-dog, who tried in vain to leap the high fence, they walked on together, and on the way John related his troubles. The young lady thereupon told him her name, which was Betty Miller, and where she lived, which was at the Stone-post Farm; and then, plump in the road, they met Mr. Nichols, who, not finding John and his horse anywhere on the high-road, had been scouring the by-ways.

I am sorry to say that this gentleman, when he saw John without the horse, cursed and swore in a dreadful manner, and it was some time before John could be heard in explanation. And then Mr. Nichols did not believe him, and abused him again. So the little maiden spoke up. "Do you think," said she, "that if he was bad enough to steal or lose your horse, that he would come back to find you?"

Mr. Nichols turned toward her in surprise. "What is he to you?" said he.

"Nothing, except that he kept Farmer Peter's dog from killing me, for I should have fallen off the post if he hadn't come up."

"The post?" said Mr. Nichols. "What's all that to me? He had a great deal better have been bringing me my horse."

"O, bother your horse!" cried the indignant Betty. "He'll come to his stable as soon as it's dark."

"Humph!" said Mr. Nichols. "His stable is in London, you little goose. But come along, sir, we can't be wasting time here."

So Mr. Nichols started off, with John walking by his side, and Betty Miller went home to the Stone-post Farm. John felt very badly on account of Mr. Nichols's opinion of him, and that gentleman seemed willing to listen to no explanations, — all he wanted was his horse, for which John was to answer, if it was not soon found. When they got back to the little village where they had passed the previous night, they went to the inn, and John was put under the charge of Thompson, who had also returned there, while Mr. Nichols took measures to find his valuable hunter. From Thompson John learned that the reason of the delay in the morning had been the breaking of his saddle-girth, soon after leaving the village, and the consequent upsetting of all the baggage, — an accident which obliged both Mr. Nichols and himself to return to the village, each carrying a part of the baggage on their horses. By the close of the afternoon, Mr. Nichols had sent a man down the road toward London, another in the direction they intended travelling, and two more to scour the country lanes to the east of the village, and find out if such a horse had been anywhere seen. He had just dispatched a man to ride round among the farms to the southwest, and make inquiries there, when the ostler put his head in the door of the little parlor, and said, "Please zur, your 'os is come 'ome."

Sure enough, when vivid suggestions of evening oats came over the mind of Skittles (who had been grazing in the commons all day, — chased several times, but never caught), the sagacious beast came back to the last place where those oats had been given him, and was now in the stable, ready for his supper.

After this, John's story of course obtained ready belief, and Mr. Nichols told him he was sorry he had suspected him of unfair dealings, but warned him to be very careful to keep close company with himself hereafter.

"As for that little girl," said Mr. Nichols, "I owe her something, for she was the only person who told me where I would find my horse, — although, to be sure, I never thought of these stables. If she were here, I would make her a present."

"I will take it to her," said John, quite eagerly.

"Very well," said Mr. Nichols; "give her this," and he handed two half-crowns to John. But John had to help about the horses, and when

his work was done it was too late to go to the Stone-post Farm, which was distant almost a couple of miles from the village. But he knew he would have plenty of time to go in the morning, for Mr. Nichols was a late riser, and never got off on his daily rides before nine or ten o'clock. So, early in the morning, John inquired the nearest way to the farm, and started off. As he entered the farm-yard, the first person he saw was Miss Betty herself. She looked very differently from the forlorn little body of yesterday, for she was dressed neatly and cleanly, with a little red shawl on, as the morning was cool — and in her hand she carried a basket. When she saw John she seemed very glad, but a little surprised; but when he greeted her, and told her how the horse had been found, she clapped her hands, and said she knew that he would come home, — of course, when a horse was only lost a little while, he always came home, — an assertion which would be a very comfortable one to thousands of horse-owners, could they only see cause to believe it. When John offered her the money, she refused to take it. She wanted none of that man's money — not she. However, after they had talked the matter over, she agreed to

take it and give it to Nurse Taylor. Then John asked her if she was going to milk, and she said, O no, she never milked; but if she did, she should bring a bucket, not a basket. No, she was going to feed the poultry, "and here they are, coming," said she. Sure enough, the two were soon surrounded by chickens, and turkeys, and ducks, and geese, all clamorous for their morning meal; and when Betty had thrown a few handfuls of corn among them, John said he would be obliged to go, although he would gladly have stayed while Betty gave to her fowls the whole contents of the great barn behind them. So they shook hands, and John went away to the village, while Betty kept on throwing corn to the chickens and geese. Now Betty's mother came out. "Who was that boy?" asked she.

When Betty had told her all she knew, and shown her the two half-crowns, her mother said, "I want no strange boys coming around here. Give me the money, and I will see that it is properly spent for Nurse Taylor. If you give it to her, it will all go for tobacco and tea."

So Betty wished her mother hadn't come out just then, but she went on feeding the fowls all the same.

MOUSIE.

BY EDITH MAY.

'Twas after tea-time. All the curtains closed
Kept out the bitter wind; a blazing fire
Reddened the ceiling, and the lamp burned soft
Under its painted shade. "Papa," said Mary,
"Tell me a story; quick, 'tis almost bed-time."
'Twas almost bed-time. Overhead they heard
Mamma, who, rocking in the nursery chair,
Sang "Bo-peep" to her baby. When 'twas laid
Still in its crib, came Mary's time to follow.
"A story," said her father, — "no, I've none.
I've told you all my stories ten times over."
"Ah, try to think, papa; just try," said Mary.
"Not a real story, maybe, — something true, —
Something that happened to you long ago, —
Just some kind of a story." — "Well, I'll try,"
Papa said, thinking. "But what noise is that?
Hush! there behind the wainscot?" — "'Tis my
mouse,"
Said Mary, — "mine, papa; I'm trying to tame it.
I put dry crusts, and little bits of cheese,

Close to its hole, and it comes out to nibble.
It has such bright eyes, and the longest tail."
"Your mouse," her father said, "has made me
think
Of a true story." — "Ah, papa, begin
Quick as you can."

"Just twenty years ago
I left my father's house, to study law
In this great city. I was quite a boy;
My hair curled close as yours, and was as brown."
"You had no gray hairs then, papa."

"Not one.
Well! I had been accustomed all my life
To the fresh, open fields; and when I left
My gun and rod behind, and came to dwell
Among these bricks, where I had scarce a friend
To take me by the hand, my heart grew heavy;
My pencil was my best companion then.
My greatest pleasure was to sit alone,
And sketch the lovely scenes I well remembered.

"I read law every morning — dry, dry law.
But when the sun had reached a certain spot
On my green table, I would put aside
My ponderous law-books, open my portfolio,
And sketch an hour or so."

"But, dear papa,
How came my mouse to make you think of
that?"

"Have patience, and I'll tell you. One bright
morning,

While I was sketching busily, I chanced
To look down on the carpet. — and beside me,
Upon a square of green that it had chosen
To be its breakfast parlor, sat a mouse,
A tiny mouse, that when I stooped to look,
Scampered into its hole."

"Just so, papa,
My mouse does always."

"Well, it came next day,
And came the next, and next, and every day
Came nearer, watching with its twinkling eyes,
And starting when I moved, — until, one morn-
ing,
My pencil dropped from my careless fingers,
Fell, and rolled after it."

"Ah now, papa,
You've frightened it away."

"It scampered off
Fast enough to its hole, and came no more
For several days. I thought my little mouse
Was gone forever; and no doubt its friends,
Elderly, prudent mice, who kept at home,
Advised it to remain there, too. However,
My little mouse was willful, and ere long
I saw it peeping from its hole. I strewed
Crumbs on the carpet, and it ventured forth,
To my great joy. Not many mornings after,
It walked straight to my foot, — its breakfast
over, —

And stood there, pondering. Now, my shoes had
just
Been blacked and brushed, and shone like inky
mirrors.

'Vain little mouse!' I thought; but little mouse
Leapt o'er my shoe, and running up my leg,
Sprang on the table. There, beside my paper,
Quiet it sat, and watched with glittering eyes
My pencil, as I sketched; and every day,
Just at the hour I put my law-books by,
And took my drawing out, my little friend
Came forth, and — seated in the sunny spot
On my green table — admired. 'Twas a mouse
Of taste, who no doubt in his time had gnawed
Many a picture-book. I have a mouse
Now, that sits, rainy days, beside my elbow,

And watches when I draw. It has bright eyes,
And very quiet ways."

"'Tis I, papa, —
I am your little mouse. But please go on, —
Tell me about this other. Now mamma
Is rocking very slowly, and I know
The baby's 'most asleep. Be quick, papa."

"All through the winter came my little mouse,
And learned to love me. It would eat the crumbs
Out of my hand, and drink from out the cup
I washed my brushes in, and try to show,
In twenty ways, its love and confidence.
But winter passed, — and when in spring the
leaves

Came out upon the trees, and little birds
(Hung beneath windows, in their wire cages)
Sang sweet and loud, I longed with all my heart
For the green, pleasant country. And beside,
The Easter holidays had now begun,
And I was — idle. Just then came a friend
To take me home with him to fish and shoot.
How my heart bounded when I said, 'I start
To-morrow morning.' Then I thought of Mousie!

"Ah well! I set a bowl upon my table,
Full of clear water, and a piece of cheese,
Biscuits, and bread; then locked my chamber
door,

And went down-stairs a little sad and pensive.
'Poor little mouse!' I thought, 'you'll miss your
friend.

The sunny spot, where you must sit alone,
Will not be warm or bright, — the meal, un-
shared,
Will not content you!'

"I was gone a fortnight, —
A fortnight full of pleasure. At the Woodlands
We rode, and fished, and walked; and on the
lake

Passed hours in the light sail-boat. Still, I
thought
Of my small friend, and wondered if it missed
me.

"'Twas afternoon when I reached home again,
My visit over. On the road, I thought
Only of Mousie; and was half amused,
And half ashamed, that I should be so eager
To meet my tiny friend again. The coach
Stopped at the office-door. I ran up-stairs,
And hastened to my chambers. 'Little mouse,'
I thought, 'tis not your hour, and till to-mor-
row
I shall not see you.'

"I unlocked my door.

On my green table, in its wonted place,
There sat my little mouse! I sprang toward
it!

It did not move! The cheese, the bread, the
water, —

All stood untouched. My little mouse had died, —
Died of a broken heart!"

"O now, papa,
How can you say so? Was it really dead,
Or are you trying to tease me?"

"Really dead!"

THE LION OF THE ADIRONDACKS.

BY LAWRENCE SHANNY.

THOSE who have seen only the dingy specimens of our menageries, can have but a contemptuous opinion of this really magnificent beast. In the great forests of the north, he grows to a size rivaling that of the lion and the tiger. From seven to ten feet from the tip of the tail to the nose, is the common length of a full-grown panther.

A lady, one of a party who ascended a mountain, had the curiosity to measure several of the many tracks that dotted the banks of a stream along which they travelled. The cushion on the bottom of the foot was four inches across; and her hand with the fingers spread just covered the whole foot, with the tips of her fingers touching the claw-marks at the toe. That would make a very fair standard by which to estimate the creature's size, and we may set him down as a very formidable beast indeed. Not so tall or so heavy as a lioness, but far more active and mischievous in proportion.

That they are plenty enough among the Adirondacks, I have no doubt; but as it is a roving beast, and the female lives alone with her young till they are partly grown, it is not unlikely that they seem more abundant than they really are. Still, to those who know their habits, a stealthy track here and there is proof of an unpleasant neighbor.

They have a cattish propensity for prowling. I have seen their signs in some unusual places. On the Dial (a rocky elevation on the southern extremity of Dix's Peak, — one of the most singular mountains in the State, and now known to be the highest by some two hundred feet), I found traces of a panther's presence.

What called the creature there? It is a wind-swept pile of rocks, in whose crevices pine-trees grow five inches in height, where the Greenland sandwort blooms, and Alpine shrubs are dwarfed to the smallest size. On both sides of its long, narrow ridge, precipitous walls seem to forbid

the presence of any animal less agile than a cat. It is true that it overlooks the most secluded and magnificent primeval forests, that extend toward the west as far as the eye can reach, — forests that are seamed as thickly with well-worn deer-paths as are our peaceful pastures with the tracks of sheep. I saw moose-tracks in the wet moss along the mountain slopes, and the golden-rod peculiar to the region seems to be a favorite food of the deer. Mile after mile I travelled in these deer-paths (always the easiest, and freest from underbrush), and I noticed that the many fallen tree-trunks had more or less claw-marks upon them, — signs that bears and panthers followed them too.

Still, as the panther is an exceedingly shy and wary beast, one may travel in these regions for a month, and not see or hear one of them. I have camped where panther signs were abundant, and the only defense of our party of five (two of whom were ladies) was a fire and two hand-hatchets, which proved amply sufficient.

Occasionally the panther makes a raid upon the farmers' stock, in fields or wooded pastures. In one case, a child of eight years, going for the cattle in the afternoon, met them coming home along the highway, in evident fright; but as one (a two-year-old heifer) was missing, she went on to look for it. Not fifty rods further, she found it lying dead in the middle of a shallow stream in an open pasture, still warm and bleeding. Evidently the child had scared the panther from its prey.

A case is well authenticated, in which a cow was killed, and dragged into the lower crotch of a tree, by a pair of these creatures. A gentleman told me that some years ago one passed across his farm in the night, screaming like a demon. He measured its leaps, and found that it cleared over twenty feet at a bound. An amusing sequel to this incident soon followed. The men at work in a forge near by, heard one

night a panther screaming on the hills. The little hamlet was aroused. Guns were fired, horns blown, and drums beaten, to scare the monster away. But in the pauses of the din was heard that long-drawn, fearful cry, only to be drowned by a more deafening uproar. Again and again they paused, with hair on end, to listen, and the cry came clear and terrible, — till one man turned a white face to his comrades: "My God, it is a woman! and she says, 'We want help.'" Sure enough, it was a woman! and a party going up a hilly road with lanterns, found her sitting on the edge of a bank, over which her tipsy husband had driven his horses, which lay in a heap at the bottom of the ravine. Strangely enough, nobody was hurt, — not even the precious whiskey bottle was broken.

A gentleman hunting grouse along the foothills of an Adirondack mountain found, just at nightfall, in the edge of the woods, a large pile of leaves. Poking into it with his rifle, he found a newly killed sheep, still warm. As it was too dark to see distinctly, he was obliged to leave it. Going back by daylight, he found the bones picked clean. A panther, or bear with young, would do that.

A man, for some years a guide among the Adirondacks, told me that he had, when still hunting deer over a light fall of snow, doubled upon his own track, to find that a pair of large panthers had been still hunting him for miles, — not

an agreeable situation, when we remember that the panther climbs trees like a cat, and is as fond of an ambush as an Indian.

Sometimes a panther will follow a man, screaming fearfully as it leaps along at his side. Some cases of this kind I have known; but in one at least it was next day discovered that the creature had just killed and eaten the whole of a fox, and was not, therefore, in a ferocious mood.

Hunters sometimes find where several panthers have dined off a deer, and then indulged in a kitten-like game of romps. Occasionally one appears in an old field, watching for some small game (marmots perhaps), who does not appear to be at all shy, but shows to intruders a wicked set of teeth, accompanied by a growl that (like its purr) is not at all an agreeable sound.

A well-trained dog will follow a panther to its lair. But if the animal knows itself to be pursued, it goes in another direction, making long detours, and sometimes keeping up the chase for days, till at last dogs and hunters are thrown off the track entirely. A panther's claws — large, terribly hooked, and of a clear, semi-transparent yellow — were once the most valued ornaments of an Indian chief, — a badge of distinction that could only be gained by the strongest and bravest of their hunters; for, in order to wear them, he had first to kill the beast to which they belonged, — a sort of St. George and the Dragon contest to the red man.

THE YOUNG VIRGINIANS.

BY PORTE CRAYON.

CHAPTER XI.

THE GHOST.

On a Saturday morning in the pleasant month of June, Beverly Moreland took his gun and rode over to Berkeley to take a squirrel-hunt with Frank. He found his friend all alert, and waiting for him. Lucy Belmeade had by this time become reconciled to the guns, and took quite an interest in the hunting, especially as it brought Beverly over to Berkeley every Saturday, in and out of season; for, being further from town, and nearer the mountains, game of all kinds was more plentiful there than in the vicinity of Norbourn. Lucy, with her artistic taste, had made Frank a handsome game-bag, with the

figure of a pheasant embroidered on the cover, and she was now engaged on one for Beverly, adorned with the head of a noble antlered stag, in commemoration (as she flatteringly declared) of his prowess in the mountains. Now Lucy had finished Frank's in less than a fortnight; but whether the stag's head was more difficult to embroider, or whether she took more pains with the work, we cannot say, but she had had it in hand for more than two months, and it was not quite finished yet.

As Beverly rode up, Frank shouted, "Hillo, you're just in time. The game bag is finished at last."

"Hush, Frank — you know it isn't!" exclaimed Lucy, as her cheeks flushed, and her

eyes sparkled with pleasure. "It will be done certainly next Saturday."

"Yes," said Frank, quizzically. "It has been 'next Saturday' for the last two months. I believe she just keeps it on hand to talk over."

"Well, I'm sure," replied Beverly, with a gallant bow, "the longer she works upon it, the more valuable it will be, and entirely too handsome to carry June squirrels in."

"See," said Lucy, mischievously pointing to Frank's bag, "how it is stained and frayed already, — not with the game he has brought home in it, but with the bread and butter, ham and pickle, he has carried out."

The boys laughed merrily, and started off, boastfully assuring the little lady that when they returned in the afternoon, they would not bring empty game-bags to laugh at.



"Come on," said Frank: "the woods are alive with young squirrels, and we will get the old General's dog Snap, who is death on all sorts of small game."

Beyond the barn and stables, in the direction of the Ruined Church, they stopped at the cabin, beside whose humble door sat a venerable negro, basking in the June sun, like a terrapin on a log.

Uncle Billy (or the General, as he was usually called) was a reminiscence of the former proprietors of the Berkeley estate; and when the land was sold, he was already too old to move, and was (in consequence) permitted to remain in his

cabin, enjoying his patch, and all his ancient perquisites, undisturbed. These he seemed to claim rather as vested rights than as favors; and notwithstanding the unvarying indulgence with which he was treated, he never quite forgave Mr. Belmeade for pulling down Old Master's great house and putting up a new-fangled place in its stead; and while too well-bred to give open expression to his contempt for the new régime, he was continually maundering over the superiority of old times, and drawing invidious comparisons between them and the present. Fully imbued with the ideas and sentiments of his day and generation,

which dated back to the era of our colonial vassalage, Uncle Billy was decidedly aristocratic in his pretensions, and looked down upon all who had come in since his day, as parvenus, and "no 'count folks."

This pride was doubtless partly owing to a consciousness of superior wisdom and experience, matured during his long and honorable pilgrimage, — a wisdom which, like that of the ancients, was uttered in epigrammatic sentences of universal applicability. And when any one mischievously took the pains to show Uncle Billy some modern improvement, which threw the good old times in the shade, he would yield the palm with a shrug of resignation, exclaiming, "Well, de laus! de longer I lives, de older I gits! What is de land comin' to?"

But Uncle Billy's pretensions to greatness were founded on a firmer basis than that of his reputation for wisdom. He could boast of a personal acquaintance with General Washington in his youth, and never lost an opportunity to tell the story of an interview in which he had received the honor of knighthood from his illustrious acquaintance. It appears that while engaged in surveying the lands of Lord Fairfax, "Mass' George" (as Billy called him) had sojourned for some time in the house of "Old Master."

"Mass' George was a proper tall young man, — ye mind he wasn't no general then, but he looked mightily as ef he was a gwine to be one, — for he was a monstrous proper young gent'man, and could kick like a hoss. Well, you see, in dem days dey used to wear short breeches and high top-boots, and young Massa Washington was out all day a-wadin' through swamps and splashin' through mud, and come home every night wid his boots wet and muddy, clean to de tops. And I bein' de most neatest and smartest waiter on de plantation, I used to clean dem boots, — polish 'em up 'til dey shined, — for gent'men in dem days was mighty pertickler 'bout dere boots and dere shirt-ruffles, and dere powdered hair, much more den in dese days. Nowadays dey don't 'pear to care much how dey goes."

"Well, I was foolish in dem days, and forgit sometimes, like most young niggers; and so one night dere was a corn-huskin' over to old General Moreland's, — fader to dis present Colonel, young master's grandfather, — werry 'spectable family was de Morelands. So dat evenin' I fotch Mass' George's boots early, and polish 'em up quick, kase I bein' young, and no sense, had a mind to go to dat huskin'. And bein' full of wani-ties, I slips on Mass' George's high boots, jes' to

see how dey would fit; and for bad luck dey fitted mighty slick, — only pinched jest a little. So, says I, dese boots sets off Billy's legs 'mazin' well, and ef I dast, what a figure I mought cut 'mong dem gals at de huskin'! and wid dat I concludes to borrow master's ridin' hoss, — as I used to do 'most any night, and which master knowed very well, but he didn't let on, — so I tuck de hoss, and rides over to de huskin' in dem boots, — proud, mind ye, as ef I had been a gent'man myself.

"Well, I had a fine time, you may believe; and 'twixt eatin', drinkin', and dancin', I bein' young and foolish, and got no sense, 'stead of gitin' home 'fore day, as I 'lowed to do, bless you I didn't git home till clare sun up. So I puts up master's hoss quick, and hurry down to de kitchen, thinkin' to get dem boots polished up, and dat critter rubbed down, afore white folks was a stirrin'. But in dem days folks was livelier den in dese days; and bless you, honies, fust man I see was Mass' Washington comin' down in his buckskin slippers."

"'Billy,' says he, 'wha's my boots?'"

"I was standin' in dem afore his eyes, and so scared, I 'most turned white. 'Ready in a minute,' says I. 'I'll shine 'em up quick.' Jest den his eyes fell on de boots, and me a shakin' in 'em, muddy to de tops, and busted out at de toes wid dancin'."

"'Why, you black rogue, you warin my boots yourself?' And his face got red as a gobbler's, and he reared and pitched, and gimme sich a kick! Dat was no grasshopper gimme dat kick, — 'peared more like a wicious fo'-year-old colt. Nowadays young men can't kick dat way, — dey no 'count, — he hoist me clean out dem boots wid dat one kick. Pshaw! from dat day I always knowed Mass' George was gwine to be of some account; and so he was, as you young masters can read in de books."

And having delivered his story, old Billy would get up and hobble around, limping as if he still felt the distinguished honor in his bones; and then receiving the expected quarter in hand, would return thanks, with the remark that "dis new money wasn't as heavy as shillin's he used to git wid de king's head on 'em."

As it was impossible to obtain Snap until they had heard the story, the boys listened with enforced patience, paid their quarter, and then broke for the woods. All morning they hunted faithfully with their assistant, Snap, but without the least success. The dog treed several times, but the trees were high, and the holes numerous, and

not a squirrel did they get sight of. Toward midday their high hopes had well-nigh perished, and with discouragement came both fatigue and hunger. So they sat down beside a little brook that trickled through the rocks and ferns, and took out their lunch for consolation, Snap showing by the eagerness with which he lapped up the water, and snatched at the morsels thrown to him, that he fully sympathized with the young hunters.

"What sorry figures we will show, going home without any game!" said Frank.

"After all my bragging, too," replied Beverly. "Indeed, Frank, if we don't get something, I won't return with you at all. I will sneak all the way round to Norbourne, tired as I am, rather than encounter Lucy's ridicule."

"Pshaw, boy, don't talk in that way! I don't care for Lucy's jokes, and your reputation is too well established since you killed the deer."

"Well, we need not despair yet. We lost the cool of the morning getting ready, and listening to the General's story, that we've heard fifty times before. But let us wait until toward evening, when the squirrels come out for their suppers, and we'll have a chance of filling our bags, after all."

Soothed with this hope, the hunters finished their lunch, and stretching themselves on the cool carpet of moss and ferns, were soon sound asleep.

How long they slept, or might have slept, no one can tell; but the sun was already declining when they were aroused by Snap's barking. When quite awake, they perceived the dog dancing around the base of a tree not more than fifty paces distant.

Running rapidly to the spot, they saw, to their great delight, that there were several squirrels jumping about among the limbs. Bang—bang—bang—bang! went their four barrels in quick succession. Two squirrels dropped dead; a third hung desperately by a twig, which he had caught in falling, but showed by his convulsive movements that he must drop in a few minutes.

"There are more yet!" exclaimed Beverly, rushing to save the fallen game from Snap's officious jaws. "Load up, Frank!"

While both boys were busy reloading, the third squirrel dropped, and was secured, while two others, which remained in the tree untouched, were making hurried reconnaissances of every limb which promised a hope of escape. One at length hazarded a desperate leap, and barely caught by the outer branch of an adjacent tree. While he

hung, coiling up among the leaves, and endeavoring to secure his footing on the solid limb, both hunters let fly at him simultaneously, and he dropped stone dead.

"Hurrah!" shouted Frank. "Now this is sport, indeed. Where's the other? let's bag them all."

"There he goes, there he goes, jumping from tree to tree, and making for his hole, like a race-horse." And away went boys and dog, making the woods ring with their noise.

To save Frank's embroidered pheasant from being saturated with blood, the four squirrels were strung by the hind legs on a forked twig; and the boys, highly elated by their sudden success, pursued the hunt with renewed energy.

As Frank had said, the approach of evening had brought the squirrels out to get their suppers, and the woods seemed to be alive with them. Shot after shot they had, missing frequently in their haste, but all the while adding one and another to their string, until it was so heavy that it became quite burdensome to carry.

"I've missed three shots in succession," exclaimed Beverly, with vexation. "It's shameful,—I believe my gun's foul, and won't shoot straight."

"I'll tell you, Bevy," replied Frank. "It's because it's so dark, you can't see. Look, the sun is quite down, and it's four or five miles to Berkeley,—and besides, it's lucky we have no more game to carry."

"Ten squirrels!" exclaimed Beverly, counting the bushy tails that hung down. "Aha, Miss Lucy, you won't laugh at us this evening."

So, having called in Snap, and instructed him that the hunt was concluded, they took the path that led homeward, carrying the bunch of game alternately, and chatting with great complacency of their unexpected success. Meanwhile the light had died out on the western horizon, and they trudged along the blind path by the light of the horned moon, which grew dimmer and more uncertain as a warm mist rose up from the river, and spread over the land.

"Frank, how far do you think we have to go yet?"

"Indeed," said Frank, "it can't be far,—and won't supper be jolly?"

As the excitement of their sport subsided, and a sense of exhaustion crept over the young hunters, the woodland path which they were following seemed to grow more and more lonely. Frank, who was ahead, carrying the game, suddenly stopped with an exclamation, as if half terrified.

"What's the matter?" asked Beverly, earnestly.

"Look there!" said Frank, shivering. Beverly looked, — and immediately before them, in dark relief against the sky, rose the gray, solemn walls of the Ruined Church.

Beverly endeavored to stiffen himself against the benumbing awe which crept over him, and he replied, with an assumption of interest, "How romantic it looks, Frank!"

"It looks romantic enough in day-time, but coming upon it unexpectedly at night, in this way, it shocked me more than I like to acknowledge."

"Why, to tell the truth," answered Beverly, "I would rather have walked five miles round, tired as I am; but for bold hunters and knights-errant, it won't do to turn aside for an old church-yard. What would Lucy say?"

"Sure enough — we should never hear the last of it, if she found out we were frightened. Come on."

And the boys continued to follow the path, which led through the overgrown cemetery, and under the weird shadow of the ruined wall. As they walked, the conversation which they had endeavored to keep up, seemed to be choked by their fluttering hearts, — for even Snap, scenting the distant cabins or shunning the ill-omened place, had deserted them. As they passed from under the shadow of the church, Beverly's eyes were fixed upon a broken grave-stone, which glimmered white amidst the rank, waving grass beside the path; and just as Frank passed it, he saw a skinny arm reach out and snatch at his leg. His impulse was to reject the apparition as a trick of fancy; but at the same instant Frank shrieked with terror, and dropping both gun and game, fled wildly down the road.

Scarcely less frightened, Beverly followed at full speed. The distance between the old church and the plantation houses was made with breathless rapidity. They were at length brought up by the high fence inclosing the negro quarter; and there — in sight of the lights from the windows, and the familiar voices of the dogs — they looked in each other's faces, and partially recovered from their panic.

"Did you see anything, Bevy?" asked Frank, as if almost afraid to hear his answer.

"Yes! Did you feel something catch your leg?"

"Yes," said Frank, "something did certainly touch my leg, which sent an icy chill all through me; and I saw it draw back behind that old grave-stone."

For some moments Beverly remained silent and bewildered. At length he said, solemnly, — "Frank, I never had the slightest faith in ghosts or preternatural apparitions; but, as I am here living, I saw a skeleton hand reach out and grab your leg. I saw it distinctly, — even the bony fingers, and the moonlight glistening on the bare knuckles. Can such things be?"

The boys both shuddered, and were again silent. At length Frank asked what they should do.

"That's what I've been thinking about," replied Beverly, in an irresolute tone.

At this moment, one of the negroes passing, exclaimed, "Hi, young masters, ye's late gittin' home from huntin'. Wha's all de game?"

"That's it!" said Beverly, passionately, — "that's what they will all ask, — and we'll be laughing-stocks for the rest of our lives. We must go back, for I promised Lucy" —

"Yes, yes," said Frank, "must is the word, — there's no getting around it. I would ask one of the 'men' to go with us, but papa isn't rich enough to bribe one of our negroes to go near that place after sunset; he's going to build his corn-crib up there, for safety."

Summoning all the courage in their natures, reinforced by dread of ridicule, and not without a leaven of anger, the boys at length started back to the haunted ruin, doggedly determined to recover their game and equipments at whatever hazard.

"Why do you leave your gun?" asked Frank, as he saw his companion place his double-barrel in a fence corner.

"If what we saw was a ghost," replied Beverly, "the gun will be of no use, certainly. If it was only an optical delusion, still less use; and besides, to tell the whole truth, the gun is empty, and I lost the ramrod as I ran."

Secretly gratified to find that all the disgraces of their panic had not fallen to his share, Frank laughed at the accumulation of reasons for not taking the gun, remarking at the same time that in laying aside his useless weapon, Beverly had furnished himself with a stout stick.

"I don't know why I picked it up," said Beverly, "but, somehow, I always feel braver when I have something in my hand."

At this suggestion, Frank also got a stick, — not so much to cudgel the ghosts as to support his courage. Thus armed, they pushed resolutely forward, endeavoring as they went to keep their blood warm and their hearts stout by cheerful conversation.

As they again approached the lonely ruin, their talk became vague and incoherent, their voices got husky, and at length choked into absolute silence. Either would have been glad of an excuse to return, but neither dared to suggest it first. Beverly marched foremost in the narrow path, his comrade following so close that he kept stumbling on his heels. The mist had lifted, and the moon shone brighter than at first. Presently Beverly halted, and, in a husky whisper, said, — "There, Frank, is the very grave-stone; and there are the squirrels and your gun lying just beside it. Make sure of the squirrels."

"There they are, indeed," said Frank, "and it is my place to retrieve them." So, with desperate resolution, he leaped forward, and stooped to recover the lost game. At the moment, the same skeleton hand reached out, and plucked at his extended arm.

Both boys yelled with uncontrollable terror. Frank fell back upon the grass, and Beverly (who was on guard) struck a frantic blow at the vision. His club was splintered over the head-stone, and (at the same time) an uncouth shape hopped up from behind it, darting at the sacrilegious intruders, and crying, "Peep, peep, peep — chuck!"

At this apparition Beverly burst into a roar of laughter, which fairly alarmed the owls in the haunted ruin. "Why, Frank!" he exclaimed, "it's nothing but a miserable turkey-hen, — and here is her nest behind the grave-stone, full of warm eggs. Isn't this a ridiculous solution of our fearful adventure?"

Frank was so exasperated by terror, that he could not appreciate the joke; but rushing at the silly turkey with his club, he would presently have made an end of her, had not Beverly interposed to save her life.

As he became cooler his good-humor returned, and the irritated hen was permitted to return to her nest. "This," said he, "is doubtless Uncle Billy's stray hen, that I have heard him scolding about. He says, in old times turkeys didn't use to steal nests away whar' folks couldn't find 'em."

"She has certainly shown judgment in selecting a place that would have been safe from intruders, but for our bad luck this evening," said Beverly.

Having retrieved their lost arms, their game, and (more important than all) their self-respect, the boys returned gayly home, where they found supper still waiting, and the family in a state of anxiety at their prolonged absence.

The boys had concluded to reserve their story until morning; but their inability to eat anything and their hysterical gayety were circumstances so unusual that they were obliged to come out with it at once.

It was listened to with the greatest interest, and at the conclusion Mr. Belmeade complimented them on the resolution they had exhibited. Most educated persons, he said, professed to disbelieve stories of spectres, and supernatural appearances; but the question assumed quite different aspects when viewed by daylight and by moonlight.

Mrs. Belmeade was alarmed about the boys' nerves, and insisted on administering a glass of toddy to steady them; while Lucy alternately covered her face with her hands, to shut out the hideous vision, declaring she would be afraid to go to bed for a week to come, — then laughing, until her golden ringlets danced, at the knightly adventure of the Haunted Ruin and the Turkey-hen.



THE GIRL WITH THE CANNON DRESSES.

BY SARAH JEWETT.

"WHAT are cannon dresses?" I thought you'd ask me that; I have a good deal to tell first, and that will not come till by and by. Don't you dare to skip a word, because, if you should behave improperly, you might not find it after all.

Well, one March I was sick, and in May I was better, but not well. When I had a nice book, or some one came to see me whom I cared for, I sat comfortably in my chair and was gaining health very fast; but other times I was round the house generally, as cross as two sticks, and didn't like anybody or anything. Though people were very kind and patient, I couldn't have been considered the "flower of the family."

One day the doctor came in while my mother and sister were out driving, and we had a delightful private consultation concerning my case. I certainly gave him some valuable hints, and the next time he came was in the morning, before papa had gone to his office.

Doctor George solemnly asked how I had slept, and felt my pulse, — it was one of my amiable days, so I guess it was all right, — and after talking for a few minutes about the price of gold, or the state of the weather, suddenly said, —

"Mrs. Channing, where's that old house-keeper now, who lived with your mother and afterward with you so many years? I remember there was such fun about her being married."

"Sophronia?" said mamma: "O yes, she lives way up in New Hampshire, among the hills; she nearly died with homesickness; her husband is a very nice man, and quite a prominent person in those parts, I imagine. Mr. Channing was there a year ago in the course of a trouting expedition, and she comes down once or twice a year. I wish Mr. Durfee had been in Halifax! I haven't done missing her yet."

Papa looked up from his paper, and said: "Yes, Sophronia left a void in Mrs. Channing's heart that I'm afraid I never shall see filled. But what on earth made you think of her, doctor?"

"I was trying to think of some new prescription, and she's just the thing; medicines won't do Miss Alice much good. Why won't you

send her up to Mrs. Durfee for a month, after it grows warmer? It would be the best thing in the world. Just let her wear thick boots and a short dress, and do as she likes, with the exception of taking cold. Old Sophronia used to be a capital nurse, and I suppose she would have her?"

"O, no question about it," said papa, looking very much pleased; "she adores Alice. I've no doubt she will be perfectly happy. It's exactly the right thing. Mrs. Channing has been meaning to go to the beach or mountains with her as soon as the hotels open, but this will be so much better. How in the world you ever thought" —

"Keep her away from the sea," said my dear old doctor, and he turned toward me, and made believe feel my pulse again; but I think he couldn't have ascertained the number of beats very accurately, for I gave his hand a great squeezing, and we winked at each other very contentedly.

So it was all settled. I commenced to make preparations the very next day, by insisting upon mamma's going with me for boots, and I grew so much better that papa said there would probably be no need of my going anywhere but back to my school by the first of June! And next day I scarcely sat up, and of course every one said it was on purpose.

The very last day of May Sophronia appeared, and after three or four days, — we spent one in cars and stages, — I was at the farm. The house was two miles from the Corners, where the village and post-office were, and the nearest house was a mile away. Hills and woods were almost everywhere. Back of the house, which was close to the road, with the barns the other side, was a field, and then a pasture, and beyond that, the woods; and after you had walked a little distance, there was the brook.

I had a leather bag, with a strap to go over my shoulder, for my luncheon or dinner, and a sort of light blanket, water-proof one side, in another strap: that was to throw on the ground when I wanted to rest. I had some thick, short gray skirts that I wore all summer, — with the exception of dress-up occasions, such as church, and some tea-parties which I attended with Sophronia, — and some striped cambric jackets for

warm days, and blue flannel ones for rainy. Sophronia said, after I had been there a few days, and was beginning to know the way around, and came in perfectly happy over my bunches of wild flowers and from watching the house-keeping of some robins: "Well, Miss Alice dear, I know you like the woods now, but I'm afraid you will get tired of them, and then there won't be anything for you to do, and you will be homesick. You are used to seeing so many people, you know; I guess some day we'll go over to the Bunts; they are the queerest folks, and very kind. Mr. Bunt will like you because you come from near the sea."

But the day I was tired of the woods never came, to Mrs. Durfee's delight and astonishment, and when the month was gone I begged them at home to let me stay another; and in the course of that, mamma went to some watering places with some friends, and my sister with her, and papa went to Lake Superior with some friends of his, and there didn't seem to be much home to go to, even if I wanted to, which I didn't; and I stayed among the hills until September, and went back to school brown as a berry, and 'as happy as a clam at high water,' as Duley used to say. Nearly every day I was in the woods, and I read ever so much, and learned more, twenty times, than I would have at school. Sophronia used to say, it was the comfort of her life to have it rain hard; for I might as well not be there for all she saw of me. Every one couldn't follow my example on account of the mosquitoes, but fortunately they very seldom troubled me, and when they did I minded it very little.

Mr. Durfee had a dog whom I was very fond of, and who used to follow me everywhere. His name was Joe; he was tall and strong, and shaggy, and black and white, and understood everything that was said to him or about him. He had one very original trick: when at all excited, or particularly noticed in any way, he grinned in the most astonishing manner, showing all his upper teeth, with the most comical twist and expression of his eyes. Every night he went out around the house barking furiously, and all your persuasion wouldn't get him in. After a while there would be a little scratch at the door, and in he would come grinning, and then go to sleep peaceably. If you scolded him he would wipe his eyes with both paws in a very penitent way, putting his head on the floor. This all came by nature and not by art. I tried all one rainy morning to teach him to shake

hands, but it was no use. He undoubtedly understood, but considered it beneath his dignity. It wasn't his special accomplishments, but his manner and ways, that were so interesting. His very weak point was candy, and sugar, and "bribery and corruption," had great effect. It was funny to see his pricked-up ears and intense happiness, when I put my hand in my pocket; and the altered expression when I took out my knife or a letter. And now I am quite near the cannon dresses.

After I had been at Sophronia's two or three weeks, one evening Mr. Durfee asked me how far I had been up the brook, and when I told him, he said: "Some day I'll try and find time to go and show you the spring. It's the nicest place I know. It's two miles from here I guess, or perhaps no more than a mile and a half."

The next morning was very bright, and not too warm, and I filled my bag to overflowing, and tied a paper of mutton bones and corn bread at my shoulder-strap for Joe, and off we went. I walked slowly up the bank of the brook, and stopped to visit some birds'-nests, and once I came to an open place where there was a bed of ripe wild strawberries, which I didn't go directly by, and I filled the envelopes of two letters which I had in my pocket, to keep till dinner-time.

And then soon I came to the spring. It was a great deal more charming than I had imagined, and one of the dearest little places in the world. There was a high, steep ledge, and the brook came over the edge into a clear little pool, and just there, there was great dashing and splashing among the little stones. Just below, it was the most quiet, sedate brook that ever was, as if it had repented itself of the sins of its youth, and meant to be a useful member of society. I dare say thirty or forty miles nearer the sea, it had great business on its hands. After I had found out at one side an easy way to climb up, I found that on top was a sort of great wide shelf, and the most beautiful bed of soft green moss, of the crisp white kind, which spread for yards around. A dozen feet back from the edge of the little cliff, which was probably about ten or twelve feet high, there was a great loose rock, and under it was the spring. The water ran out very fast. Just over it, the stone was worn or broken away, and it was full of little clefts from which grew small, fresh, green ferns. The stone was thatched with pine needles, and covered with queer lichens. Close behind, the ledge was quite high again, and in fact it was the

commencement of a hill. In among the rocks I found new places every time I went there, and it was a perfect garden of wild flowers. I wish I were talking and you listening, and I could tell you some of the delightful experiences of that delightful summer.

I looked around a while, and then I was quite tired, so I called Joe, who was exploring the woods on his own account. He came rushing to me through the great brakes among the pines, and I took off my lunch bag and untied his package, which he looked at so wistfully that I gave him something by way of lunch. I threw down the blanket and laid down on it; took out my book and commenced to read. He laid down by my side on the moss, snapped at flies, real and imaginary, and soon went to sleep. I found myself half dreaming, and then, discovering that it had taken me twenty minutes to read three pages, from very sleepiness, I shut my eyes, and the wind turned the leaves rather faster than I did, though it read backwards.

I was in the midst of a species of nightmare, imagining that a letter had come, and I must go back to school, when Joe growled, and waked me up. I didn't growl when I saw what he did, but I was really frightened for a moment or two. Looking at me over the edge of the ledge, close by where the brook fell over, was a face! I never had seen any human being in all my ramblings before, and it didn't seem possible that a child could have climbed up there; for I had noticed that the rock was quite smooth. I was wondering if there were any more, and if the face were a cherub's; but it had not even wings, unless it was holding on by them. I jumped up when the child said: "Please, will you help me up, ma'am?" and I took hold of her arms and with hard pulling landed her on the moss beside me. "You crazy little thing!" said I, "what made you try to climb up there? You might have fallen and broken your neck. If I hadn't been here, who would have known where to find you? There's a very easy place to get up, just out there."

"Dear me," said the child, "I guess if I had been going to break my neck it would have been done before I was as big as I am now. Mother says that. I'm sorry I scared you, but I never thought of seeing anybody here, I'm sure." And then she sat down, and smoothed out her dress, and folded her hands. Joe went and sniffed at her suspiciously, and came back grinning, as if to tell me she was a proper person to converse with. I sat down again on my blanket,

and neither of us spoke for some time. It was quite embarrassing. She looked as if she had nothing whatever to say to me; I had enough to say to her, and couldn't think of it. I laughed at last, and said, "I want to ask you some questions, but I don't know what they are."

"My name is Dulcidora Bunt," said the child, solemnly, "and I shall be ten years old the week after the Fourth."

"Were you named for any one?" inquired I, carelessly.

"Yes'm, I was named for a schooner;" and after a short pause she continued, "Father used to own part of her, and he says she was the fastest and the best he ever was aboard of. Mother says I don't take after her, for I'm dreadful slow, except for running into the woods."

"How did your father happen to be a sailor, way up here? Did you ever live down by the sea?"

"Why yes," said Dulcidora, "I was born there, and was six years old when we came away, and I can remember a good deal about it too. Father is always telling me about it, he is so afraid I shall forget it. He always lived 'long shore, and used to go fishing and to sea; and mother lived up here in the woods, and she had an aunt down there, so she used to go down in summer visiting, and when she and father got married she went down and lived there all the time. She says she was homesick every day of the seven years. Father got awful sick one winter, and the doctor said he mustn't go fishing any more. So mother made him come up here and live. They don't get along well about it," said Dulcidora, "though they're dreadful pleasant other ways. Down at the shore mother would cry when the wind blew, and father was out; and she was always saying she never could bear fish to eat, and would be a-wishing for something that grew up-country; and when he came in, she would be rubbing the knives and forks, and show him how rusty they were, or something like that. And now father says, that up-country is no place at all, and you can't get anything to eat but salt pork and huckleberries, and when the wind blows loud in the pines, he wants to be ten miles out fishing. I have a good time both places and I don't care. Father is real queer in his ways; but you can't get put out with him for he is always a-laughing."

Here was another solemn pause, and then she continued, —

"You're looking at my dress. Ain't it real queer? Well, don't you think, last summer in

blackberry time, mother said I had time to wear out another calico dress before I put on winter ones, and told father to get me one down to the Corners. So he went, and there were lots of other things to get, and some for mother and I, and we were in an awful hurry for him to come home, and when I heard him I ran down the rowl and got in the wagon. I looked all round, and there were lots of square bundles, with saleratus and things in 'em, and under the seat was a salt fish, and under that an awful great bundle. I said: 'Father, what's in that?' for I was just as sure he'd forgotten my dress, but he only laughed. When we got in the yard he took me out, and mother came to help take the things in, and says she of a sudden: 'Now, Sam Bunt, haven't you got that poor child's calico, and she going about a disgrace to us in them rags! Precious little you and she care though!' says mother, laughing. And then he lifted out the big bundle that was under the seat, and laid it on one of the seats in the boat."

"In the boat?" said I.

"Yes'm, we've got a boat in the yard. Mother wants it split up to burn, but father says a splinter of it sha'n't be touched — but I want to tell you about my dress. Mother reached over and pulled open the paper, and don't you think it was a whole piece of calico like this; and she said, 'Well, of all things! why didn't you buy it right out? and didn't you think I could tell by a pattern whether I liked it, anyway? Whatever you had to lug it all home for, I don't know? Anybody so scared of guns as I am too!' — 'Why,' says father, 'don't you like it? I thought it was real kind of odd, and they said it would wear first-rate. I got it of a peddler, and he let me have it three cents a yard cheaper than they have 'em at the store. I s'posed she'd as soon have two or three gowns of a kind.' — 'Two or three!' says mother. 'Samuel Bunt, that cut of calico will last till she's grown up! If that ain't just like a sailor for all the world,' and she sat right down on the grass and laughed like as if she would kill herself."

Here Dulcidora stopped for breath.

"Mother says it's the best wearing calico that ever she had to do with. She made a dress of it right away, and it wasn't worn out till cold weather; and this was new when the snow was going away, and there's only three holes in it now, and those are little. I guess it's going to last all summer for a play dress, and mother made me another to wear when I go to the Cor-

ners; and she says all there is to do is to wear 'em out as soon as I can. She never says anything when I tear 'em, and that's a good thing. When I go to the Corners, the man that keeps the store always says, 'How does that cannon goods wear?' and people kind of laugh when they see me with one on. Mother calls them cannon dresses."

I am near-sighted, and had been trying all the time to make out the figure, and so I asked her to come and sit on the blanket with me, so I could see it. I don't wonder Mrs. Bunt laughed when it was brought home. There was the word "Union" in large letters, and the cannons were an inch long, and were represented in the act of going off. They were on wheels, and a man in a red shirt was standing with his back to you; an immense cloud of dark smoke and some very vivid flame were coming out at the mouth. I should like to know who designed it, and if it sold well! It was remarkably funny, and I told Miss Bunt so; and there, — my laughter having ceased, and the remark having been answered only by a nod, — there was another long pause.

"I declare," said the child, after what she considered a proper interval had elapsed, "I guess I'd better weigh anchor. I forgot all about dinner, I'm having such a good time talking, but I'm hungry as a shark, and I s'pose you want to go home to yours. Mother has gone to spend the day with Mis' Thomson at the Corners, and she said I needn't sew to-day or do anything after I put away my dishes and swept the kitchen and made my bed. She said I might go and stay where I liked, for I had been behaving good lately. I was real afraid when she said last night Mis' Thomson had asked her that I should have to go too. I hate Mis' Thomson, she always has to ask me how I'm getting along in my sewing, and how much I've done."

"Do you have to sew much?" said I.

"Considerable," said Dulcidora, in a very pathetic tone; "mother's 'shamed of me; I don't take to sewing or anything in a house. I wish I'd been a boy, and father does too, but mother says she don't see why we should fret, for she can't see but I'm the same as one in my ways. I left some things all ready, so I can have my dinner as soon as I get in, and I guess I'll go now."

"No, you needn't," said I; "stay and have dinner with me; I have enough for us both, and Joe's dinner beside." And you should have seen Joe grin!

The contents of my bag were satisfactory to both of us, and we had the strawberries for des-

sert, and after those some candy, which was the best of the whole in Dulcy's opinion. Joe saved the largest of his bones until the last, and walked soberly away into the woods with it. The child and I sat quietly on the moss by the brook. In the course of the afternoon, she asked where I got the strawberries.

"Why, how quick they have got ripe! I saw 'em three or four days ago, and they were real green. But I know a place where there is going to be piles of 'em."

"Won't you tell me where," said I, "and go with me some day if it's not too far?"

She looked perfectly happy, and said it wasn't far from the Durfees', and she knew her mother would let her go, especially if I came and asked her. "And O!" said Dulcy, "I'm so pleased you want me, for I was so 'fraid I shouldn't see you again, except at meeting. I saw you every Sunday you've been there, and I felt real bad the one you stayed at home."

"Why yes," said I, "of course you'll see me again — ever so many times I guess; I shouldn't wonder if they said at home I may stay here all summer. I've written to them; and you and I will be great friends, I think. I hope you will come over and see me very soon, and I'm going to see you and your mother and father. Mrs. Durfee says he tells splendid stories. Do you think he will be likely to tell any when I could hear him?"

"Perhaps so," said Dulcidora; "I'll ask him."

"I've never told you my name," said I, "and that's not fair. It's Alice Channing."

"O, I know about you," said the child. "I'd have asked if I hadn't. Mrs. Durfee has me and mother over to tea sometimes, and she always talks about you and your house, and everybody in it. I never thought I should be talking to you. She always said you had promised to come up to see her. She brought me some candy once after she had been down visiting. She used to live at your grandmother's, too. I heard mother say that you were sick, and came to be away from the sea just as father did. I hope you don't feel so bad about it. You're getting well, aren't you? mother said last Sunday you looked better. Please how old are you, Miss Channing?"

"I'm 'most eighteen," said I. "Why?"

"O dear, I'm real sorry you're as old as that."

"I'm sure I am, myself. But how will it make any difference to you?"

Dulcy sighed. "Well, I couldn't think.

When you are in meeting, you have grown-up clothes on, and you look different; but now your dress is as little as mine, 'most; and you look young till you stand up, and then you're tall as mother. You're a little girl in your face, and the rest of you is grown up. There! mother would say I am real forth-putting to talk so much, but it's real nice to have somebody. I don't have anybody to play with, and it seems as if I had known you ever so long. Mother says I'm dreadful old-fashioned."

Which she certainly was.

"Dulcidora," said I, "you mustn't worry about my being older than you. When I go back home, I shall wear 'grown-up clothes,' as you call them, all the time, and feel old, and go to school, and everything like that, and while I'm up here I'll make believe I am just as old as you; we won't tell any one, for they might think it silly, but we will have the nicest times in the world. You see I can dress as I like, and I can run when I'm in a hurry, and needn't care for things that aren't worth caring for. And I mean to ask your mother to let you say your lessons to me. I can teach you a little, I guess. You know everybody knows something that nobody else does; and perhaps the thing I know that you don't is arithmetic, though I hate it as much as you say you do. Perhaps we may both get very fond of it."

"I guess you know a great deal that I don't," said Dulcy, "but can you tell stories? I always like people better when they can."

"Yes," said I, "when I feel like it. Do you know any?"

"Piles of 'em," said Dulcy, with enthusiasm; "I learn them from father. Mother says 'most all of them are awful lies, but they're real nice."

Then she asked me about my home and friends, and told me more about her father and mother, and the woods; and it seemed to me she must know every tree and rock in those about us. She told me where to find all the different kinds of flowers, and promised to show me all her favorite nooks and corners. I promised, if the next day were pleasant, to go and see her mother, and ask about my teaching her. She walked down the side of the brook with me until we came to the bars, and then she looked very sad at leaving me. I comforted her with the rest of the candy, and so we parted.

The next day it rained hard, and the next was so cloudy and damp that Sophronia would not let me go out. But it cleared away at sunset, and the next day, Saturday, was just as

pleasant as could be, so I went up the hill to the Bunts'. I had told Sophronia all about my day's adventure, and she seemed quite delighted at my finding a friend in her neighborhood evidently so much to my taste as Dulcy,—though it amused her very much. Still she appeared to think there would be less danger of my homesickness.

Dulcy came running to meet me before I could see the house. She must have been up in a tree watching. She walked with a triumphant air by my side, and I was introduced, by a very happy smile, to Mrs. Bunt, who came out in the yard to meet us. She was very tall, and when first I saw her with her husband, I couldn't help laughing, for he was very short. He and I became very intimate friends, but I never knew Mrs. Bunt so well, because she nearly always stayed in-doors, and I didn't.

"There!" said she, "I believe that child would have been sick if you hadn't come to-day. I never knew anything to wear on her as this rain has; not even the seam of a sheet to sew up. She's kept saying that to-morrow was Sunday, and perhaps father wouldn't get home, and she shouldn't even see you at church. I tell her the course of true love never run smooth!"

I laughed and took hold of Dulcy's small hand, while she blushed and looked terribly mortified. Just then I saw, under some pine-trees back of the house, a large fishing-boat.

"O, you said something about a boat, Wednesday, Dulcy," said I, "and I meant to ask you about it. How in the world did it come here, Mrs. Bunt? You can't have much use for it."

"He' brought it with him when we moved up from the shore. I came first with Dulcy and got the house comfortable, and he came afterward with a load of stuff,—we sold off considerable,—and as the team came up the road, what should I see but that old boat. It was one he had had a good while, and it wasn't safe to go out in; but he wouldn't sell it when he had to buy a new one, nor yet when we were moving away, and he went to the expense and trouble of fetching it way up here in the woods. Folks laughed, I guess, when they saw it coming along! There were lots of things I really wanted to keep that I sold off to save him the bother of bringing them. He goes and sits in it sometimes: and Dulcy, she used to have baby-houses out there, and take a sight of comfort in it. I never saw a man so set upon anything as he is on the sea. Don't you think, he never

has been back but once, and that right after we came away. He said he was so homesick. I guess he's getting over it now, leastways he don't talk so much."

Then I told her that I liked Dulcy, and wished when she could spare her, she would let her come out with me; and that she had told me she had no school near enough to go to, and I thought I could teach her a little myself, and that would be better than nothing, and there were plenty of books of mine I could send for, that she could have as well as not all summer. I would try not to teach her any mischief.

Mrs. Bunt seemed greatly delighted, and said Dulcy's good luck went beyond anything she had heard of, and she hoped she'd be grateful. "And how pleased your father will be! I suppose she might have had good schooling down to the salt water. But there! she wouldn't be alive. I never had any peace of mind after she could walk pretty well, for she made for the beach like a crab. She takes after her father; Jacob, the boy I lost, was a real peaceable child. More times than I have fingers and toes, I've missed her and found her down on the rocks, and the tide coming in, and water all round her, and she sitting playing with shells and sea-weeds as unconcerned as if she were in meeting. I got wet through once with my best Sunday clothes on, a-getting of her out, and five minutes later I couldn't have done it at all, for there would have been no sign of her. The very week we came away, when she was six years old, she had to be tied to the scraper. She would get away unbeknownst, and when she came back she always had a load of things, and if she got anything particularly nice, she'd tuck it in among my things, in my best bureau, or anywhere. Like as not it would be some live creatur', and the first thing I'd know there'd be a smell fit to blow the roof off. The Lord only knows what I went through down there! She's got it in her now too; big as she is, there ain't a week she don't manage to soak herself in the brook, making dams and wading. I've tried my best to break her, but all I can do is to hope she'll outgrow it."

It was arranged that Dulcy should come to me three times a week and recite; afterward we were to go to walk if I liked; and it was understood that she could go out with me any day after her work was done.

I know I shall never have a pleasanter summer than that was. Every week or two Dulcy and I had a long tramp up some one of the

hills, and our shorter cruises were innumerable. O, those long, long summer days in the quiet woods, and the flowers, and the birds! We built a house of hemlock branches over a favorite abiding-place, and under it Dulcy used to tell me her father's strange sea stories, and we used to hold long conversations and build wonderful castles in the air, each after her own fashion. And once in a while we went trouting, and would make a fire and have great cooking. Dulcy was quite experienced. She was always sent for when I had a box from home of books and good things; not that I didn't have the best dinners the land afforded at Sophronia's, but I kept a small assortment of canned fruits, and candy, and olives, and little tins of biscuit, for my lunches in the woods. After papa and mamma had left home, I used to order the things myself, the books coming by themselves — so I didn't fare any worse.

Dulcy wasn't fond of reading when I first knew her, for, as she said, all her books had been poky ones, but before I came away she took great comfort in it, and I dare say that winter was not so long by half, as those that had come before; for I used to lend her books, and the children's magazines, and occasionally little bundles of other things. Of course winter was a dreary time to her, for all she cared for was out-of-door life.

She is at a country academy now, somewhere twenty miles from home; and as she is really very bright, I suppose, in the course of time, she will blossom into a district-school teacher. I hope there will be woods very near; and I am sure she will spend the noon-time and recesses there. I have a letter from her once in a while. Sophronia brought her down once at

my earnest entreaty: how the child did enjoy it! I always felt like a child with her, and I wish I could go up among the hills this very summer. If I could find my gray dresses and all my trappings, and start the first of June! I'm afraid it wouldn't be the same, for I am two years older, and the two years have made so much difference in other things. The last I saw of Dulcidora, I looked back, as I drove down to the Corners to take the stage, and she had thrown herself on the grass by the Durfees' door, and was crying very hard. Sophronia had occasion to make a voyage to the city with me; and she said, as I pointed to the child, —

"I guess she knows there's a pretty chapter in her book that's read through."

After I got home, they used to tease me about my friend Miss Bunt; but I always think and speak with the greatest affection of poor little Dulcy, and I never mean to forget her. My little case, holding a knife and fork and spoon, and little silver cup, which papa gave me for that summer's campaign; a great jack-knife which I commissioned Mr. Durfee to buy for me; the stick, I used as alpenstock, and some scratchy, much worn sketches, are still very dear to me.

Dulcy, no doubt, treasures sundry photographs, of which I am the original; and I have a large square tintype of her framed in my room, taken by a travelling artist of renown in those parts, who passed a portion of that summer at the Corners. And beside it is one to match of myself, dressed in a striped jacket and gray skirt, with my lunch bag and blanket, my great straw hat on my head, and Joe by my side.

And Dulcidora's was taken, by particular request, in one of the cannon dresses.

FATHER GANDER'S RHYMES ABOUT THE ANIMALS.

FOR MIDDLE-SIZED CHILDREN.

BY C. P. CRANCH.

THE OWL.

THE old owl lives in a hollow tree,
(Toowit toohoo, toowit toohoo!)
A melancholy soul is he,
Hoo hoo hoo, toohoo!

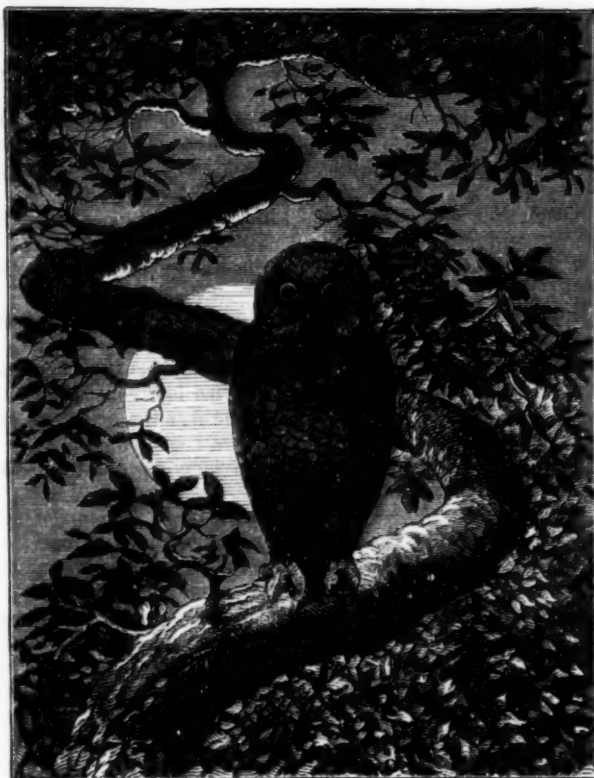
All day long he dozes and winks,
(Toowit toohoo, toowit toohoo!)

At night he stares, and thinks that he thinks,
Hoo hoo hoo, toohoo!

He is a very cross old elf,
(Toowit toohoo, toowit toohoo!)
He cares for nobody but himself,
Hoo hoo hoo, toohoo!

All the other birds in the wood
 (Toowit toohoo, toowit toohoo !)
 Make sweet music and do some good,
 But the owl has nothing to do.

Nothing to do but catch his prey,
 And hoot toohoo, toowit toohoo !
 And think about nothing, and sleep all day,
 Hoo hoo hoo, toohoo !



Like a lazy old monk in a gray old cowl,
 He chants all night toowit toohoo !
 How would you like to be an owl,
 And hoot toowit toohoo ?

ABOUT THE HIPPOPOTAMUS, AND OTHER QUEER
 CREATURES.

DID you ever, did you ever see the Hippopotamus ?
 He's a whopper, I can tell you, — not a rat,
 and not a mouse ;
 Bigger than the biggest bullock, fatter than the
 fattest pig,
 I don't think you ever saw a creature that was
 half as big.

Fat and oily as a walrus, — hairless, heavy,
 smooth, and round,
 Rolled up in the burning sunshine, there he lies
 upon the ground.
 Now he opes his fishy eyes, so sluggish, indolent,
 and mild ;
 Now he closes them to sleep, and looks as harm-
 less as a child.
 You might stick him, you might prick him, you
 could not awake his wrath ;
 Now he rises like a mountain, and goes in to
 take his bath.
 What a washing, what a swashing, plunging deep
 into his tank !
 Under water he has floundered, over head and
 ears has sank.

Is he drowned, the oily monster? Only cooling
his fat sides,
Dreaming of his home in Egypt, where the Nile
rolls in its tides.
How he lifts his head enormous, swashing round
so lazily,
Rolling over like a porpoise, or a drifting hulk at
sea!
How he rises, dripping, shining! Now he'll
dry himself, I hope.
There he stands like a huge porker, seen through
a long telescope.
Was there ever such an odd and clumsy-looking
quadruped?
Ever such a fleshy hillock, such a pudding, such
a bed?
Such a giant trunk of leather, such a huge great
hammer-head?
Such a ton of India rubber laid into a vat to
soak?
Nature makes queer creatures often. One would
think she loved to joke.

There's the Chimpanzee, for instance, — sort of
pun upon a man;
Every monkey is a satire, a half-finished, comic
plan.
Every owl and every buzzard ridicules the king
of birds,
Every donkey is a horse-laugh. Parrots mimic
human words.

Nature has her mocking humors, — quips, and
jests, and wreathed smiles:
Sends the Nautilus with sails a-tacking round
Canary Isles;
Strews fantastic floating jellies through her
dreary leagues of brine;
On the sea-shells writes her music, mystical, line
under line;
Sets the garden-spiders weaving letters in their
cobwebs thin;
Browns her dainty fungus flapjacks in the forests
dark and green;
Nests of pretty kissing pigeons in the columbines
she groups;
Furnishes all flouncy flowers with their crino-
lines and hoops;
In the shady garden arbors hangs her floral
Dutchman's-pipe, —
So, for all her quaint, queer humors, you will find
an answering type.
Were she always stiff and serious, should we love
her half as much?
Now and then she sets us laughing, meets us with
a tickling touch;
Like a jolly nurse, who sometimes, tired of her
serious cares,
Rumps and rollicks with her children, and their
gayer moments shares.
Thanks, dear Mother Nature, for the lessons of
your graver law!
Thanks, too, for the funny pictures children love
to see you draw!

THE VOICE.

BY C. R. TREAT.

If the young readers of the "Riverside" ever stretched a blade of grass between their thumbs and blew upon it, holding it close to their lips, they have heard a sound which is made precisely as the Voice is. Perhaps, to be accurate, I ought to say that all sounds are made as the Voice is, — for sound, you must know, is a certain vibration, or wave-like motion of the air, which is caused by something with which the air is in contact. This something may be the delicate leaves of the Pine, which softly sigh in the summer breeze, or the stout arms of the Oak, which wrestle with the winter wind, and hurl it howling away, or the reeds of the organ, which give to us the rich harmony of music. But, whatever it be, it is first made to vibrate itself, and then it makes the

air about it vibrate, as a quiet pool is rippled with tiny waves by the fall of a leaf or stone. Indeed, you may, if you please, think of sound as waves of air beating against your ears, just as waves of water beat upon the shore. There is only this difference between them, — that waves of water come as single waves, while waves of air are heard as a group of waves. Thus each wave of water in its turn rears its crest, breaks, and flows back again; and so a wave of air may do, and then you feel it as you feel your breath when you blow upon your hand. But waves of air are felt by the ear, are heard as sound, only when they follow one another as rapidly as sixteen in every second, which is the lowest sound we can hear. As the air-waves come more rap-

idly, the sound becomes higher in pitch, till we can scarcely hear the shrill, tiny sound made by the vibration of thirty-eight thousand waves in every second. Between these extremes of possible sound, the Human Voice occupies a middle place. It has no sounds as low or as high as the organ or piano have.

Let us now return to the blade of grass, with which we began our study of sound. I said that the sound produced by the blade of grass, was produced precisely as the Voice is. This is true, not merely because all sounds are made alike, but because the blade of grass, and the human organ of speech, are both "wind instruments." They belong with the organ, trumpet, fife, and flute, — not with the violin and piano, which are "string instruments." In order to make the trumpet sound its notes, you must *blow* through it, while you *strike* the wires of the piano in order to play upon that. The Human Voice is produced by *blowing*, as you blow through a whistle or upon the blade of grass.

I wish I could bring all my young readers to the room in which I am writing, for I could then show them something which would make the whole matter very plain. As I cannot show this to you, I shall have to describe it. What I should show you, if you were here, is a small glass tube, large enough for you to put your thumb into, and about six inches long. Over one end I have tied a piece of thin India rubber. Then, with a sharp knife, I have cut a little slit in the India rubber. Now, if I put my mouth to the covered end, or to the other, — it doesn't matter which, — and blow through the tube, a sound, something like a baby's cry, will be heard. If you can get a tube, and tie a piece of India rubber over one end, and cut it as I have described, you will understand better what I am going to say than the description alone will help you to do. Notice carefully how the sound is produced. As I blow through the tube, the air is forced out of the little opening in the rubber. The opening is not large enough to let the air pass easily through, therefore the air continually pushes against the India rubber; and as this is elastic, it yields a little to the pressure, then springs back, then yields again, and springs back again. Thus, far more rapidly than I can describe, the edges of the little slit are quivering, and causing the air (as it passes through) to quiver. — which is the motion of the air *felt by our ears as sound*.

If you understand what I have been describing, it will be very easy to understand how the

Voice is produced. That which you call your *throat* is a tube about as large and as long as the tube through which I blew. Its length and size you can easily measure, if you put your hand to your own throat, or examine the throat of some one else. You will see that the tube of the throat extends from the back part of the mouth to the base of the neck, where you lose sight of it. It then divides into two tubes, each of which also divides, and continues to divide, until (like the roots of a tree) it has sent a tiny tube to every part of the lungs, which fill the space within the chest, on either side of the heart. The drawing that accompanies this will make my meaning plain. The lungs, into which these tubes enter, you may consider to be mere reservoirs of air, which can be filled and emptied as occasion may require, precisely as the bellows of an organ is filled and emptied. The lungs have a much more important office than this, since the air which we breathe sustains our life. In ordinary breathing some pressure must be applied, to

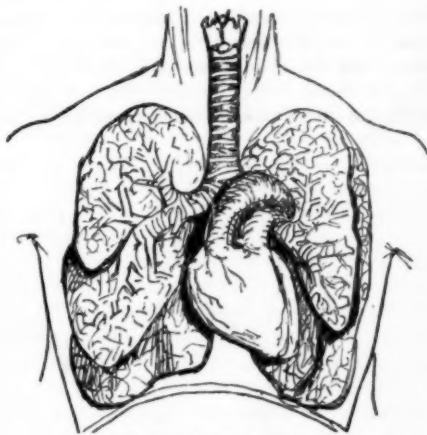


Figure 1. Diaphragm.

empty the lungs as rapidly and regularly as the body requires; for if you try to breathe much more slowly than you are accustomed to, you will probably find that you cannot do so without pain, and danger of suffocation. Nature has arranged for a regular supply of air just as often as it is needed, and it is not wise to interfere with her methods.

Let me describe the process of breathing. Suppose the lungs to be empty. — that is, as empty as they ever are, — about one fifth or one fourth part empty. How shall they be filled? Plainly, they won't fill themselves. Open your

mouth, and see if they will. If you wished to fill a bladder, you would put your mouth to the opening and blow into it. But you could fill it, if you chose, in another way, which is the way in which the lungs are filled. You could push the sides of the bladder apart from within, or pull the sides apart from without; and as fast as you enlarged the space within the bladder, the air would enter and fill it. It is in this way that the lungs are filled. The space within them is enlarged, and then through the nostrils or (as is the bad habit of some) through the mouth the air pours in. The air, you know, is a most persistent intruder, pushing its way wherever it can, — and very fortunate this is for us. As it is exceedingly important, for many reasons, that you should know how the space within the lungs is enlarged, please attend closely to the explanation of the process.

The lungs have no power to enlarge themselves. They are very light, and full of tiny chambers, — more like a delicate sponge than anything else. They have so little substance, that if you held an empty one in your closed hand, it would scarcely fill it; and yet it fills nearly half the chest, when it is distended with air and blood. The bladder, you will bear in mind, was pulled open to make room for the air.



Figure 2.

In the same way, the lungs are pulled open. In figure 1 you will see that the lungs are attached to the sides of the chamber in which they are placed. They are also attached to the Diaphragm beneath. In figure 2 you will notice a line, curving upward, drawn midway across the body; and under that another line, which is nearly straight. These two lines are two positions of the Diaphragm, which in figure 1 you saw as it would look if the body were cut in two across the front, and which in figure 2 you see as if the body

were cut across the side. You may as well make the acquaintance of this Diaphragm, for it is quite as important a member of your household as the Heart or the Stomach.

The Diaphragm is a broad, circular muscle, which divides the body into two parts, as a floor divides the upper and lower story of a house. Indeed, the body, from the shoulders to the hips, is very much like a two-story house. The upper story is occupied by the lungs and heart, and the lower story by the stomach, and the other organs of digestion. Thus, the Diaphragm is the "floor" of the upper chamber, and the "ceiling" of the lower chamber. Imagine a circular room with a dome-shaped ceiling, and you will have before your mind a good representation of the lower story of the "house you live in." Then add to this that the "ceiling" can lower itself, and you will understand how the space within the lungs is enlarged. For the lungs are attached to the Diaphragm, and when that goes down, they must go with it. They cannot grow smaller about the sides, as a bladder would, if you pulled its ends apart, since the sides of the lungs are attached to the unyielding ribs. Therefore, when they are pulled down with the Diaphragm, the space within them is made larger.

But this is only half the machinery of breathing. The lungs are also to be emptied, — and this is done by the pressure of the "side-walls" of the lower chamber, which are broad, strong muscles, like the Diaphragm. The "ceiling" and the "walls" work together in a very simple way. When you draw in a breath, the "ceiling" presses downward to the dotted line in figure 2, and the "walls," yielding, bulge out to the dotted line in front. When the breath is poured out, the "walls" press inward, and push the "ceiling" up again. It is just as if you held a bladder nearly full of air in your hands, one hand at the top, the other upon the side, the bottom resting upon a table, perhaps. Then, if you press down upon the top, the sides will bulge out, and there will be more space above the bladder than there was before; if you press upon the sides, the top will be raised.

Now, I will show how this long explanation applies to the process of Voice-making. In the first part of this article we learned that the Voice was a vibration, or wave-like motion of the air, and that the Voice was produced as the musical sounds of the organ are. The lungs contain air; the Diaphragm pressing downward, makes room for more air to enter; the waist-muscles, pressing upward, push the air out again. You

have
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air is
way.
must
strong
your
below
is a
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haste
same
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muscle
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have learned that this is the way in which we breathe, and it is only necessary to add that the air is poured out for Voice-making in the same way. The only difference is that these muscles must now be ready for any degree of sudden or strong exertion. Try a simple experiment. Put your hand upon the front of the body, a little below the breast-bone. As you breathe, there is a regular, gentle movement in and out. As you speak, also, in easy conversation without haste or excitement, the movement is much the same. Change your mode of speech to a quick, sharp utterance, however, and you will feel the muscles under your hand snap like whip-cords. These muscles should be taut like a bow-string, tense like a drum-head, springing like steel; and so they are in healthy men and children, and dogs and monkeys. But in men who seldom speak louder than the conversational tone, who see little of out-door life; in children who always move about in a staid, prim way, — who need reproof for talking too loud or too much, who never shout, scream, jump, or romp; and in most civilized women, who bind these very muscles with whalebone and iron, as a cooper hoops his barrels, who treat their bodies as if they were wood or stone, — in all these, the muscles of the waist are sure to be flabby, like leather. They still hold the body together; they still serve as the walls of a house, to protect the interior; but that which they should also do, to promote deep, thorough, healthy breathing, — to furnish air for vigorous, effective speech, — this they almost utterly fail of doing. If you will look at some of these weak men, or quiet children, or fashionable women, who do not use the great muscles of the waist, you will see something that is very curious. For their bodies, being compelled to abandon the better method, have contrived another way of doing the work. You will see that their chests rise and fall, as they breathe or speak, with a very perceptible motion. *This is wrong. The right way to breathe, is from the bottom of the lungs, — not from the top.* This you may always know, by a simple rule. *If the chest rise and fall, breathing is from the top of the lungs, and is not thorough; if the waist expand and contract, breathing is deep and thorough.* This rule applies to Voice-making also. If you would speak with vigor, without exhaustion, you must expel the air by contracting the waist.

Let me now describe the process by which the air is made into Voice. In the throat, near its mouth, there are two folds of skin, — one on each side, — which, when they are not in use, project

a little from the side to which they are attached, as you will see in figure 3. The folds of skin



Figure 3. Mouth of the throat when open.
Vocal Ligaments.

are called Vocal Ligaments, because each contains a delicate ligament, or cord, like the string of a violin. If you compare this position with their position in figure 4, you will see that these little folds of skin can make the passage, through which the air must pass, as narrow as the slit which I cut in the India rubber. Really the whole story is told when I tell you that the air is forced upward from the lungs, and out through the narrow opening of figure 4. It is a familiar thing to blow through a whistle or upon a blade of grass. It ought to be equally easy to understand how the more familiar process of using your Voice is carried on, as you have seen the throat as it looks when the Voice is produced. If we could take out somebody's throat, and draw the Vocal Ligaments together, as in figure 4, we could, by blowing through it, produce the same sound as is made when the throat is in its place. We could use it just as we used the glass tube and India rubber.

Perhaps you do not understand how we can know that the throat looks like these two drawings. You may be inclined to doubt that it is possible to see around a corner; and having looked into your own throat, or somebody's else, you may be ready to pronounce it impossible to see what is evidently so far below the lowest visible point in the back part of the mouth. Your objection is a reasonable one, but it can easily be disposed of. Suppose a playmate is hiding from you. You cannot see him, because there is something between you and him. But if you can place a mirror at one side, between your position and his, you can see him as plainly as if there were nothing to hide him.

It is so with the throat. There is a simple instrument, with a long name — the Laryngoscope, — (which is merely a little mirror) by means of which the mouth of the throat can be seen, and all its movements studied. By using this instrument, we learn the action of the Vocal Ligaments. When the Voice is produced, they are

seen to take the position of figure 4. When the breath is held, so that none escapes, these shut



Figure 4. The throat when voice is produced.
a. Vocal Ligaments.

the passage completely, like two little doors. When the breath passes freely in and out, these are neatly tucked up at the sides, leaving the passage wide open. You may have thought that your mouth was an open tube, that stood always ready to admit the air, as often as you wished to breathe. But you are really dependent upon these Vocal Ligaments for your life, because if the doors fail to open with every breath, the air cannot enter, and you will die. The upper part of the throat, into which you look in figures 3 and 4, is more than the end of a tube. It is a

little three-cornered chamber, which you may call the vestibule. Into this the little doors open. Outside of these, or rather, above these, there is a sort of outer door, which you can see in the drawings as a curved line along the upper side. This is called the Epiglottis, and its use is to shut the throat tight when food or drink are passing by, on the way to the stomach.

Thus, in a rambling way, I have told the story of The Voice. When I began, it seemed a very easy thing to do; but I have been studying about the Voice so long, and have so many things that I might say about it, that it was really hard to know just what it was best to say. Although "breathing" is not "speaking," I could not forbear saying a good deal about that, since it is of the utmost importance that you now begin, while you are young, to breathe properly. For the sake of your Voice, also, learn to use the *muscles of the waist*. I have not said very much about the proper mode of using the Voice, because I shall give you some practical advice about that in the next number of the "Riverside."

EFFIE AND HER THOUGHTS.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

CHAPTER IV.

THERE was a new block of brick dwelling-houses almost opposite the school, and a broad brick sidewalk extending for quite a distance along the street. Here the school-girls were fond of carrying their hoops in the muddy weather, or they collected there in recess, for games best known to themselves.

One day Effie and a party of the irregulars stopped round a coal-hole in the middle of the sidewalk, and stood watching the men, who were taking in the coal, and pouring it down into the coal-bin.

"Do you suppose you could go down through that hole, if you tried?" asked Martha Sykes.

"O, it is too small for one of us," replied Mary Porter; "we should be stuck there, like a chimney-sweep in a chimney — in a book, you know, they always are."

"There's plenty of room for me," said Effie, who felt herself equal to anything; "I could go down and up again."

"O no, you couldn't, — it is half full of coal," objected one of the others: "there is not room."

"O, do go!" cried the little Carneys.

"Well, I will show you," said Effie. "I'll tell you what I will do, — I will go down into the house, and through the cellar, and up through the hole, before you have time to count twenty."

"O, don't go," remonstrated Mary Porter; "the people won't like to have you coming through the house!"

"I don't care!" said Effie; "I shall be so quick about it, they won't have time to think."

"I suppose you don't mind blacking your clothes from top to toe," was the warning; but Effie did not stop to hear it.

She was in the house, and had made her way into the coal-box in a few minutes, and her bright laughing face was soon seen emerging from the coal-bin; but her way out was not so easy as she had fancied. Her feet slipped back on the slanting hill of coal, and she had to use her hands to crawl out upon. The coal-men, who had been waiting for another cart, smoking their pipes on the edge of the sidewalk, now came up to see what was the matter, with many exclamations when they found what had hap-

pened; but they didn't venture to offer their blackened hands, though Effie's were fast becoming quite as black.

Effie herself was beginning to be ashamed of her position, when, to crown her disgust at herself, she heard a kindly voice asking what was the matter.

"What! one of the girls fallen into one of these places? I always have been afraid of some accident; they are most dangerous holes for anybody to tumble into!"

It was the voice of Alice Lee, Gertrude's older sister; and already her little hand, with its neatly fitting glove, was offered, to help Effie out.

"O, she went in herself!" exclaimed the girls; "she wanted to show us she could climb up through the coal-hole; she will be out in a minute, if you only give her time."

And Effie was out without Alice's help, — "Miss Alice," the girls all called her, — for she was much admired by all the school-girls — by Effie's friends especially. They had for her that admiration that young girls are wont to feel for girls a little older than themselves, who have grown to be the "young ladies" they are hoping to become, before long.

Alice Lee was indeed exceedingly pretty, and attractive in every way! The girls often stood by to see her pass, and would admire everything that she wore. She had always such exquisitely fitting gloves to match her dress, such neat boots, such a feather in her hat; but her face, and her pleasant smile, were the loveliest of all. She had kind words for the younger girls; and though these words were not rare, they were always treasured up as something precious, something to be proud of.

"Miss Alice kissed me to-day!" Rosa Leonard would say.

"What! really true?" another would ask.

"Yes, I met her out in the meadows, and she walked home with me, and kissed me at the door."

That very day one of the Sykeses had been boasting that Miss Alice had promised to come to her house to teach her to crochet, the first rainy afternoon. She could not spare one of the bright days.

So now it was a special mortification to Effie to be detected by Miss Alice, — of all people in the world, — in crawling out of a coal-hole. She did not venture to touch the dainty little hand; she did not wonder that Miss Alice turned away from her, and hurried out of the crowd.

Effie looked down at her own, blackened dress,

at her coal-stained hands; the girls were all hurrying in to school, for recess was over, and she must stop and wash herself, and make herself fit to go in to school; anyway, she must be late.

She was vexed, thoroughly vexed with herself. To be seen by Miss Alice in such a plight, was too hard. If it had only been an accident, Miss Alice would not have turned away. Miss Alice had said she had always been afraid such an accident would happen, and then she would not have minded her soiled dress, and her smutty face, and would have helped her out. But, O dear, there was a difference! She had got herself into the scrape. She never had thought of any consequences, nor of what would come of the adventure; she had only thought of the fun of the thing.

Effie did come in late to school; this was no novelty, nowadays. She was never ready to come in when the other girls were. Miss Tilden had tried many ways of punishing her, without effect. She did not mind a few extra marks, or being at the foot of the class. She received it all with an "I don't care," and a toss of the head. Miss Tilden now kept her half an hour after school, as punishment for her tardiness; and this was a punishment indeed. She had to go and find Mary Connor to walk home with, and the days were now so short, there were no afternoons left to play in. She was more than usually sullen about it to-day. Poor Miss Tilden must stay with her after the school hours were over, and, tired as she was, busied herself over some lists of the scholars, while Effie was made to study a neglected lesson.

At last the tiresome half-hour was over! Effie shut up her books, and slammed down the cover of her desk, and was hurrying away for her hat, when Miss Tilden called her back.

"I want to talk to you a little," said Miss Tilden.

Effie stood by her side, determined not to listen to anything Miss Tilden had to say, and resolutely looked at the window-pane, and tried to watch a battle between a spider and two flies.

"I have been wondering, Effie," said Miss Tilden, "when you were going to begin to grow up, and to be something more than a child."

"I'm not a young lady," interrupted Effie, "and I don't want to be such a goose."

"Nobody would mistake you for one now," said weary Miss Tilden, "but even a little child can be kind to its teacher, and mother, and sister. I want to remind you that in being late at school, you are unkind not only to me, but to

your mother, and to Annie, who, I dare say, is looking for you, and is anxious about you."

"You needn't have kept me," said Effie, roughly.

"I might have spared myself the trouble," said Miss Tilden; "and I must tell you, Effie, that I really cannot spare the time to stay with you; and I want to ask you what I shall do about it. I think I shall have to give up the little children in my school, unless they will be more obedient; but indeed, Effie, you give me more trouble than all the younger class. If your mother had been well, I should have asked her before now to take you away from the school. And now I must think of my own mother. It is necessary for me to get back to her as soon as possible, and I must not give the time that I am forced to give you after school every day."

"You needn't keep me," repeated Effie.

"I can find no other punishment," said Miss Tilden; "you come so late, that you not only interrupt the school, but you cannot recite with the rest, and have not the time to learn your lesson properly. I have tried putting you into the younger class, but you know that the trouble is the same; your lesson there is never ready with the rest,—I have to attend to it separately, and I have no time for it in the school hours."

Miss Tilden stopped awhile, but Effie said nothing, and she went on,— "I find that Mary Connor wants to teach a class of young girls, and it is settled that the Carneys and the Sykeses shall go to her; and I think of going to see your mother"—

Effie broke away from Miss Tilden. "I never will consent to that!" she exclaimed. "I never will be taught by Mary Connor, if I go to no school at all."

Miss Tilden tried to pacify her. "Effie, I should be willing to give you one more trial"—

But Effie interrupted her. "I should like to go home," she said, as she snatched her hat and coat. "I will ask mamma myself."

Mary Connor had come to the door for Effie, and Miss Tilden was forced to let her go. Effie refused to speak to Mary, and plodded along sullenly behind her.

This was an insult indeed, if Mary Connor, not a year older than herself, were to be set to teaching her,—that was something too hateful to be borne. But if Effie had only stopped to listen to Miss Tilden, she would have found that the plan was not so very insulting, after all. Mary Connor, although she was not much older than Effie, Gertrude, and the others, had always

been the most steady and punctual of all, and in consequence she was farther advanced in her studies. For the last year, she had been quite beyond them. Her mother had a large family to support, and Mary was the oldest of all, and she was very eager to begin to teach—to begin to be able to earn something. She had always been in the habit of turning her hand to everything that came along. Besides making excellent bread, and the best of butter, she could work all the different kinds of sewing-machines in the place,—the button-hole machine, knitting-machine, and all. But she enjoyed her studies the most, and Miss Tilden had been glad to help her, in school and out of school, and sometimes in the evenings, though she did her best to prevent Mary from working too hard.

Miss Tilden had been much oppressed lately with the care of the younger class, with Effie at their head. She had just decided that she would put the younger girls in a room adjoining hers, and she had proposed to Mary Connor to teach them, and take care of them. Mary was fully qualified to do this, as she was a thoroughly steady girl, and was used to the care of young children; and the parents of the children had given their consent willingly. The children were to be in school only three hours, and to leave at recess, and this would leave Mary Connor time for her recitations to Miss Tilden with the older class, later in the morning. She was confident that she should be able to prepare her own lessons in the evening, or out of school hours, "or even in the mornings, while the little girls are studying." But Miss Tilden shook her head at this suggestion; she did not have much faith in the little girls' studying.

But the most troublesome question was, "What should be done with Effie?" It seemed a disgrace, indeed, to class her entirely with the little girls; but then she ranked herself with them, and was of more trouble than all the others. Miss Tilden then planned a final appeal to Effie. She would give her another chance of taking her place with the girls of her own age, with the alternative of being sent into the other room to Mary Connor, if she failed to come to school in season, and was not willing to keep her place with her class.

But Effie broke away from Miss Tilden in such a hurry, and so rudely, that there was no opportunity for any explanations. Miss Tilden turned away to her labors at home. Mary Connor did not understand what the difficulty was, and now and then looked round, with a word for

Effie; but she was received every time with a rude rebuff, and both walked on through the mud at a quick pace, Mary leading the way. Effie's mind was indeed in a sea of indignation. She was angry with Miss Tilden for classing her with the little girls, — for saying that she should speak to her mother about her. She was "mad" with Mary Connor, not a year older than she was, but walking in front of her, all so grand, with the idea of teaching her, — her, Effie, who could get above Mary Connor in the class, any day, if she chose. Yes, Effie was boiling with rage, but at bottom of it all was disgust, actual disgust at herself. Usually Effie had some fine excuses for herself; she had a great opinion of her own powers. She fancied she could do anything that she pleased. She could be at the head of the class — if she chose. She could make bread as well as Mary Connor — if she only tried. But she did not care to make bread. If she were late at school, it was because something was in the way; things happened to her that did not happen to the other girls. There was always some admirable reason for her failures. But to-night she was heavy with thought about herself. Do all that she could, she found herself recalling a little smile of disdain on Alice Lee's face, as she turned away from helping her out of the coal that morning. She never should forget that little curl at the end of Miss Alice's lip, — no, never. It cut her more deeply than all the words that had ever been said to her. Now she knew just what Miss Alice thought of her, — now she should never venture to speak to her again. Some words of Miss Tilden's came back, too. Miss Tilden had said no one would ever mistake her for a young lady now; and she fancied Miss Tilden had measured her from head to foot, and had seen every griny spot of coal-dust, and her ill-washed face and hands.

Effie had a distinct love of little-girlhood, and had always declared she hated young ladies, Miss Alice alone excepted. Yet in the bottom of her heart she had an idea that she should some day burst out into a full-blown young lady, as elegant as Miss Alice, as beautiful, and as much admired. But now, how near was she to that, plodding along through the mud, and Mary Connor, not much older than herself, in front, all ready to step into the ranks of a teacher, while she herself was to be disgraced, and degraded into a class of children! And she thought of what people would say, and what would Gertrude think; but there was Miss Alice's smile, — her smile of scorn, to top the whole!

She bade Mary Connor good-by grimly at her gate. "Sha'n't I walk along with you?" asked Mary, hesitatingly. "It is pretty dark, and it looks black under the bushes."

"No, I thank you!" answered Effie, in a gruff tone. "You needn't begin to order me round now; you will have plenty of it, before you have done. Shall you put me into spelling, or try me with a-b ab, first?"

"O Effie, what do you mean?" exclaimed Mary. "I can't tell what is the matter with you to-night. I wish you would stop, and tell me what has happened to you."

But Effie broke away. "I suppose she thinks I look like a chimney-sweep. What will mamma say to me?" And she hurried through the gate.

She meant to go in to her mother, and tell her all about it. She would tell her that she hated herself; yes, she would confess that she despised herself for her rudeness to Miss Tilden and to Mary Connor, and she would acknowledge that she was selfish herself every day of her life. But she hated everybody else, — she hated Mary Connor, and Miss Tilden, and everybody, — all the girls, great and small; and, O dear, what would mamma do with her?

She lingered a minute on the steps, and heard voices in her mother's room. Somebody was there, talking. It was always so; she never had a chance to talk to her mother; no wonder she was no better than she was, when she had nobody to take her side, nobody to give any time to her. She went back to go round the house, and clamber in at her own window. It was a high climb, and difficult, for now it was dark; but she was familiar with the way, as it was her favorite manner of getting in and out of her room, when she didn't care to go through her mother's.

By the time she was in her little dark room, she was in a flood of tears, and she flung herself down on the floor by her mother's door, to listen, and wait till those hateful people should be gone. Suddenly she fancied she heard a well-known voice. Was it possible? Could it be Uncle George, — her dear Uncle George! When he last wrote, he said he could not come before the winter. But what was he saying as she laid her hand upon the lock, to open the door?

"No, I do not see how you can take Effie with you to Florida, — from all your accounts, she is quite too unmanageable."

Effie stopped to listen to the first words, with her heart beating. Mamma was to go away to Florida, and she was to be left behind! Uncle

George was interrupted in the midst of his sentence by a strange and sudden apparition, — a muddy little girl in a water-proof cloak, with tears streaming down her blackened cheeks and a most sorrowful countenance.

"Is this my Effie!" he exclaimed, as he took her in his arms, while he could not help laughing at the disconsolate sight. "Is this my little Effie? and we were all wondering what had become of you; and I was all ready to go in search of you. And here you have been through all sorts of dangers, and have waded through stony brooks, and have stormed inaccessible mud castles."

"O Uncle George!" Effie broke out, "I am hateful, and everybody is hateful, and everybody hates me. And mamma is going to Florida, and the oranges, and I am to stay behind, and everybody is to leave me, and Mary Connor is to teach me!"

This time Uncle George checked his desire to laugh. He saw that there was a real trouble, and that Mrs. Ashley was excited, too, by Effie's distress. "You see, George," she said, "I cannot go away. How could I leave Effie? and I could not think to take her with me!"

"Effie, do you not see you are disturbing your mother?" said Uncle George, wiping her eyes. "O Effie, can you never learn to be more considerate? What are all these tears about? This is a pretty reception to give an uncle who has come a long journey to see you. Let us have a bright face to-night, and to-morrow we will have a long explanation. I think there must have been something terrible going on to-day; but we will not ask about it now. I have been promised a supper whenever you should get home, and suppose you go and inquire about it."

It had been a "terrible" day, thought Effie, as she left the room. There was the long-ago scene of the coal-hole, and the tedious school, and Miss Tilden's lecture, and the dreary walk home, and mamma's pale face, and that dreadful terror, of her going away, — away to Florida. Could Uncle George's coming make amends for all? Uncle George always did make her so happy; but could he do everything? She used to think so; but now — how would it be now? She did not dare to think, and yet Effie's thoughts kept coming.

HOW BEES ARE BORN AND BRED.

BY ARTHUR GILMAN.

In the observing hive which we put up last month, we noticed that there was but one perfectly formed female among a host of drones, and we learned in May that in a natural swarm there are five hundred of these males. The disparity of numbers will constantly grow greater, for, while there is only one queen, the drones will be hatching out every day, unless something is done to stop their increase.

This large number of males is provided only that the queen may be sure to find one for her special mate. In the "Riverside" for May, 1868, the editor told us that the queen's mysterious nuptials are consummated in the open air, and at a considerable distance from the earth. Now, when she flies out, it is very important that she meet one of the drones, which it would not be certain she should, if there were not a great many of them. She only needs one, but he is the sire of all the bees of which the queen becomes the mother during her whole life.

But there must be wax and comb before eggs

can be laid, or honey deposited. Francis Huber, to whom we have to refer so often, was the first to tell the world how their manufacture is carried on. The books say that wax bears an analogy to the "sebaceous secretion of the integument," and if you will look into a dictionary for the meaning of these barbarous words, you will be better able to understand what wax resembles. It is difficult to describe the process of its manufacture clearly. With the help of Huber, and Mr. Bradley, let us try.

Wax is formed beneath the scales on the under side of the bee's abdomen. Mr. Bradley caught a bee for me to show these scales. Taking out his sting, and holding him by the head, he gently raised them one after another; and any one who knows how to catch a bee without being stung, may make the same examination. On the opposite page is a cut showing a bee's abdomen greatly magnified, in which the scales are plainly seen, with the little sheets of wax issuing from beneath them.

After taking a supply of honey (for wax is made from honey), the bees suspend themselves one to another, the claws of the fore-legs of the lower ones being attached to those on the hinder legs of the upper ones, giving the exterior layer of the cluster so formed the appearance of a curtain. It is a series of festoons crossing each other in all directions. For about twenty-four hours the bees remain immovable, during which time the wax may be seen accumulating. The clusters are then broken up, and the bees will be noticed running round, and to and fro, in a crazy manner, wagging the abdomen until the sheets of wax drop off. These are seized by attendants, who work them over thoroughly with their jaws and tongues until they become white, ductile, and tenacious, and fit to form comb. Besides all the labor the bees expend in making wax, it is expensive, because fifteen pounds of honey are necessary to make one pound of it, and the careful bee-keeper will therefore never waste the smallest particle of clean comb.



Bee's Abdomen.

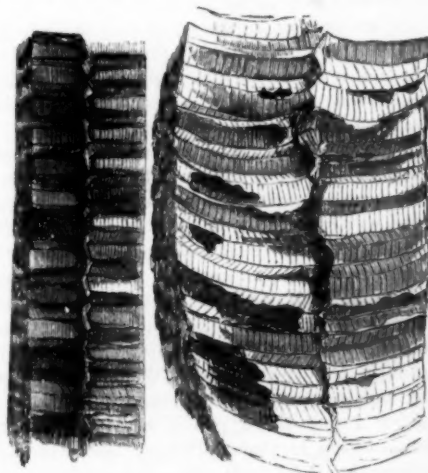
We spoke of the neatness of the bees, in our first paper of this series, and we shall find that before any other operation is begun in a new hive, they will clean house. Every particle of dirt is carried out, and if there be slivers on the rough portions of the hive, the bees bite or gnaw them off, before beginning to build comb. This, again, requires so much time and labor, that it becomes economical for the apiarist to furnish the swarm with a clean and tight hive.

When our swarm was on the tree, we noticed that it was spherical in form. There is a reason for everything the bees do, and there is an excellent one for their assuming this shape. A certain degree of warmth is necessary to the proper performance of the work in the hive, as well as to the comfort of the insects. In all their operations, therefore, they crowd together. When building comb, they first make a small piece of about the size of an old-fashioned silver dollar. Then, at a distance of an inch and a half from the centre of that piece, they begin a second comb, working all the while on the first. They next start a third comb at the same distance on the other side of the first, and it is easy to see that as the three continue to increase downward, the bees are working in the limits of an irregular sphere.

Each of these combs consists of a double set of cells, the bottoms of which are applied to each

other, forming a partition between them. The cells are hexagonal, or six-sided, which is the shape best adapted to economize both wax and space. The bottom of the cell is not flat, but of six triangular faces, which are accurately joined to those of the cells opening on the opposite side of the comb, and give great additional strength to the structure.

The cells are not all of the same size. Those in which the drones are hatched, measure one fourth of an inch across the mouth; and those in which the workers are hatched, are only one fifth of an inch in diameter. These cells are in the frames in the lower part of the hive, and are mainly devoted to breeding. The comb in the boxes is only made to store honey in, and differs in two respects. The cells are larger, because it is more economical to store honey in large cells than in small. They are deeper, for the same reason. While the breeding-comb is only one inch thick, this is sometimes as thick as three inches, making the cells an inch and a half deep. Suppose we cut directly through one of each of these combs. We find that the cells of the frame comb are built horizontally, while those in the box comb are a little higher at the mouth than at the bottom. How do you suppose the little bee learned that the honey would run out of the cell if it was level? Here is a cut, showing a section of each sort of comb.



Breeding-comb.

Comb for storing honey.

The ten frames will contain two pounds of comb, which the bees will make in about ten days. After it is made, they would fill it with honey in about three days, though both opera-

tions are in reality carried on at the same time. If we can furnish the comb, it will save much time, encourage the bees, and be greatly to our profit. No one has yet made artificial comb, but in the course of his experience the apiarist will accumulate old comb, which, if it be clean, he may put into hives intended for new swarms. Mr. Bradley has a mixture of equal parts of rosin and beeswax, with which he makes the old comb adhere to the frames. It is also profitable to give the bees the same encouragement in the honey boxes. Very small pieces of the nicest honeycomb should be stuck right side up on the top board of the boxes, before they are placed on the hive. If we had a hive containing a number of bees just capable of filling six boxes with honey, and should give them six boxes, with a small piece of comb in five, and none in the remaining one, the five would be filled, and the one left empty. After losing that amount of honey, we should probably the next time put a piece of comb in each of our boxes.

When the comb is ready, the queen begins to lay her eggs. She examines each cell, to see if the workers have prepared it for her, and finding all right, she turns about, backs into the cell until she reaches the bottom, deposits an egg, and walks to the next cell. She will repeat this performance three times in a minute, as Mr. Bradley has seen her do, and if there be enough cells, will lay from two to four thousand eggs in a day! There are fourteen hundred and forty minutes in a day, for bees work steadily through the night,—in fact, it is as dark as night all day in the hive. What would be the result, if hens laid eggs in such a surprising manner?

If you watch the queen, you may see her lay an egg in the worker comb, and another in the drone comb immediately. There is no difference in the way it is done, but one of the eggs will surely hatch a drone and the other a worker! Do you know how it happens? Does it *happen* at all? Is it not one of the mysteries which the All-Wise Maker of bees has seen fit to allow to continue unsolved, for the astonishment of men? But it is no more wonderful than some of the other facts we have already learned about bees.

After laying the eggs, her majesty pays no more attention to them. Suppose she has laid in three kinds of cells. In sixteen days the young queens will be mature, and ready to come forth. In twenty-one days the workers will follow, and in twenty-four days the lazy drones will bring up the rear, by being the last ones out of the cell.

But what has happened during the three weeks since the worker egg was laid? We are told that the egg is hatched six days after it is laid, and a little worm or larva appears in the bottom of the cell. For a few days this larva is carefully fed by the young worker bees. Here



Cell and larva magnified.

is a picture, showing the bottom of the cell, and the larva greatly magnified. The cell is then capped over by the workers, and the larva occupies the next thirty-six hours in spinning a cocoon, or silken envelope, with which he completely covers himself. In three days more he changes into a nymph, or chrysalis, and continues to develop, until he is able to gnaw away the slight porous film with which his cell is covered, and comes forth a perfect bee. The scene is quite lively when the little fellows are coming out in various quarters of the same comb, at the same time.

For the first few days he appears to have no duties except to learn the use of his legs, wings, and other parts. Then he is made to nurse the larvae which are hatched but not capped over, and to feed also the young bees that are just emerging from the cells. At the end of a week he is allowed to go out of the hive for exercise; and when, at the advanced age of three weeks, he is robust and hearty, he is sent out to gather honey, and thereafter is obliged to work night and day during the harvest seasons, until he drops down in the harness.

Bees are able to get a load of honey in about a half-hour, and eight loads are a good day's work. Of course honey cannot be gathered at night, and it cannot be gathered all day at all seasons. Willow-blossoms produce honey all day, apple-blossoms and buckwheat-flowers only in the morning, the white-clover only in the middle of the day, and the blackberry and raspberry flowers all day, except early in the morning. Though the early bird is proverbially said to get the worm, the early bee, in blackberry time, does not get the honey. Though honey cannot be gathered at all hours, the bee is always busy, for there are many operations to be carried on inside of the hive, some of which we have seen.

The troublesome drones now demand attention again, for all the while the workers have been so busy, the lazy wretches have been doing nothing but eat, eat, eat!

The troublesome drones now demand attention again, for all the while the workers have been so busy, the lazy wretches have been doing nothing but eat, eat, eat!

Suppose Mr. Bradley had a thousand in each of his hives, and they would soon increase to that number, that would give him a hundred thousand to support. There would be five full swarms which, instead of producing, would be using up the product of five working swarms. The algebraists tell us that the difference between plus five and minus five, is plus ten. His loss, therefore, would be the product of ten hives, or from three hundred to a thousand pounds of honey!

This is a great evil, but it is very easily obviated. Raise no drones, is the rule. This is accomplished by simply cutting out the drone comb early in the spring, when all the combs are empty. The space in the frames is filled up with worker comb. There need be no fear, in Mr. Bradley's apiary, that the queen will find no mate; for there are so many hives together, under his apple-trees, that a few drones will be far from none of them.

There is a good effect of keeping bees, which

Mr. Bradley thinks worthy of mention. We have seen that their habits are very regular, and their attention to business very strict. They apparently know that their business in the world is to gather honey, and they will do it, no matter how much they may be discouraged. Rob them of their comb, or take away their honey, and you will only make them work the harder to repair the damage. They never get discouraged, and give up, but persevere, and work until the last moment. He says that when he is tempted to give up a difficult work, he walks out among the hundred hives, and thoughts of the persistence of the bees reassure him.

If any of the readers of the "Riverside" wish to be quite sure that Alonzo Bradley is a real man, they will do well to visit his apiary, which is easily found; and if they are not able to do that, they may read an account of it in the Thirtieth Annual Report of the Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, on pages 314-320.

LITTLE-FOLK SONGS.

BY ALBA.

XXVIII.

As Dickon ran out
Of the gate, with a shout,
He saw a poor toad
In the midst of the road;
"O!" cries Master Dick,
"I'll get a big stick,
And kill you all dead
With a blow on the head!"
"Naughty boy!" said his nurse,
"Why, what could be worse?
He is having some fun,
Sitting there, in the sun.
What harm can he do
To me, or to you?
And then, if you kill
Him, his brothers will fill
Your room in the night,
And you'll have a fine fright."
"Indeed, I don't care!"
Said Dick. — "Yes, but hear,
Ere you can cry stop!
On your bed they will hop,
And they'll sit there in rows;
Each, to wipe his poor nose,

Will carry a leaf
For a silk-handkerchief.
There, with many a groan,
They will weep and bemoan



Their poor brother, the toad,
You killed on the road;
And there they will stay
Till the dawn of the day,
And all night they will keep
You from having sweet sleep."
Dick's blue eyes flashed bright,

While he cried with delight, —
 "I'd take my new gun,
 And shoot every one;
 They'd very soon see
 They couldn't scare me."
 The toad, shocked this to hear,
 Hopped off in great fear,
 And told all his folk
 That, without any joke,
 A monster, called boy,
 Meant all toads to destroy.
 So, in grief and dismay,
 That very same day
 They moved over the hill,
 And are living there still.



XXIX.

Dickon went to the brook, with a pin for a hook,
 To catch a fried whale for his supper;
 When some slippery eels, they tripped up his
 heels, —
 In he fell with great splashing and splutter.

The wheelbarrow ran with rattle and bang,
 And the shovel and rake followed after;
 An old fat frog living under a log,
 Sat holding his sides with laughter.

A big black toad hopped into the road,
 And bawled like a chimney-sweeper;
 And the hen ran out, and around, and about,
 Crying, "Eggs will be sold no cheaper!"

XXX.

Two little wrens have built their nest
 In the old tree by the door.
 And there they've hatched a thriving brood,
 And on them set great store.

The noisy, busy, saucy things
 Are scolding all the day,

And every one that passes by,
 They try to drive away.



When the red-cheeked baker-boy comes in
 With his basket full of bread,
 They rave as if they'd like to peck
 The eyes out of his head.

Ah, here he comes, and they begin:
 "Go away, you hateful boy;
 You know you've come to steal our nest,
 And our children to destroy.

"We do not like your looks at all;
 Your face is much too fat;
 You've got a ragged jacket on,
 And a dirty, torn old hat."

The baker boy looks up and laughs,
 For kind he is, and good;
 "I would not hurt your nest," he says,
 "Or any of your brood."

And whistling, off he goes. The wrens
 Bluster with pride and glee;
 "Chip, chip," they chatter, "we're the birds;
 He's afraid of us, you see.

Then round they whisk, and back again,
 To feed their nestlings small,
 And teach them that of bravest birds
 The wren exceeds them all.

HOW RAILROADS ARE MADE.

BY JACOB ABBOTT.

THE EQUIPMENT.

WHEN the railroad is built, with all its viaducts, bridges, culverts, tunnels, and stations complete, and the track is all laid, ready for the running of the trains, there is still a vast outlay required for the *equipment* of it, as it is called. If any one were to be asked in what this equipment consisted, he might, if speaking without much reflection, say, of the locomotive and cars of course, as if that would be all.

But the number of items included in the equipment of a first-class railroad is very great, and involves the expenditure of large sums of money. There are locomotives of different kinds, and a great number of them required: some very powerful to draw long trains, and made immensely heavy, so that their weight may press the wheels down upon the rails with force sufficient to enable them to maintain their hold when drawing so heavy a load; and smaller ones for ordinary work, and others still smaller and lighter for rapid running with a single passenger, to transmit intelligence, or orders, in case of emergency.

Then a great many different kinds of cars are required too: passenger cars of various classes and styles, and box cars for ordinary freight; and platform cars, or *flats*, as they sometimes call them, for timber, stone, rails, and other such things as cannot be conveniently put into box cars, and do not need to be protected from the weather; and cattle cars, in the form of pens, for the transportation of cattle and horses, and snow-ploughs, and flange engines; and finally hand-cars, — worked by men seated in them and turning a crank, — for the purpose of sending laborers back and forth along the line to make repairs. There must be, moreover, a large supply of tools at all the stations, for the men who make repairs when required, and keep the track in order. The stations too must be supplied with sets of signals of various kinds, and account books, and office furniture, and presses to print, and stamping machines to stamp the tickets, and trucks for moving baggage and freight to and fro upon the platform, and a thousand other things which, though so essential that the absence of any one of them at the time and place at which it was required might produce great confusion and delay, are yet in themselves so apparently insignif-

icant that it is a wonder that the managers can think of them all. Then last but not least, there are the vast machine shops, for repairing the locomotives and cars. These must be fitted up with immense lathes, and planing engines, and boring engines, and other "tools," as they are called, required for the work on heavy machinery, as well as the necessary means for making iron and brass castings.

In a word, the equipment of a railroad, after the construction of it is completed, is a very great and expensive part of the preparation.

THE LOCOMOTIVE.

The great central object, however, around which all these things cluster, and upon the action of which they all wait and depend, is of course the locomotive; and to give the reader some clear, correct, and scientific ideas of the philosophy of the locomotive, will be the chief purpose of this article.

The heart of the locomotive is the cylinder; and the soul of it — in other words, the vivifying principle which imparts to it all its life and power — is what?

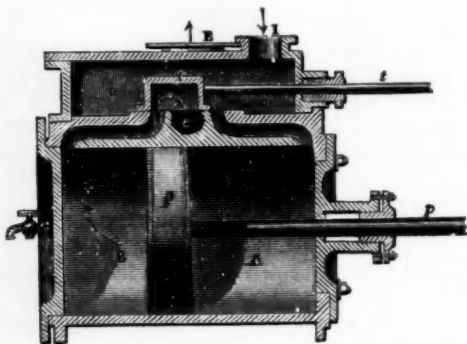
Many persons would at once reply *steam*. But this is a mistake. It is not from the steam, but from the *heat* developed by the combustion of the wood or coal, that the engine really derives its power. The steam is only the medium, or instrument, by which the force derived from the heat is conveyed from the furnace where it is generated, to the movable parts of the machinery.

Although the locomotive, as it appears to us when we see it standing on the track at a station, seems very complicated, this complication consists chiefly in the subordinate and subsidiary parts, for the essential things on which its action and its power depend are really very simple and very easily understood.

THE CYLINDER AND PISTON.

This will be made clear by the engraving which represents what is called a *section* of a cylinder, and of a piston within it, — that is, a representation of the appearance which it would present if we suppose it cut in two, from end to end, so as to show its interior construction.

The cylinder is formed of brass or other metal, and is made very thick and strong. The interior surface is turned perfectly true, and is highly polished, so that the piston may slide to and fro in it with the least possible friction. The piston, *P*, is made to fit it exactly, so that it can move to and fro with great facility and yet without breakage. The ends of the cylinder are made flat and square, as are also the two sides of the piston, so that the piston may fit closely, first at one end and then at the other, as it is pushed to and fro at the successive strokes, by the force of the steam. The round rod, *p*, which is fastened at one end to the piston, and passes out through the head of the cylinder, is called the piston-rod, and the outer end of it is connected with the crank on the axle of the driving-wheels. It is



The Cylinder and Piston. Fig. 1.

easy to be seen from this, that if the piston can be driven to and fro within the cylinder with great force, while the outer end is connected with the crank in the proper way, the pushing and pulling of the outer end of the rod can easily be made to turn the crank, and so make the wheels go round.

And now let us see by what means the piston is thus to move to and fro with the necessary force. It is done simply by admitting the steam first on one side of it and then on the other. It is easy to be seen by the engraving how this is effected.

THE SLIDING VALVE.

You see above the cylinder the interior of a square chamber, marked *a a*, with a large pipe coming down into it at *I*. This pipe comes from the boiler, and brings steam at full pressure into the chamber. You must imagine the pipe and the chamber *a a* to be filled with steam, very hot, and exerting a very great expansive

force, so that if the walls of the chamber and the sides of the tube were not formed of metal and made very thick and strong, they would instantly be burst asunder. But they are very strong, and there is no escape for the steam except down through the left hand passage in Fig. 1, as the arrows show, into the left hand part of the cylinder marked *A*. Here it presses against the piston and forces it along toward the right hand end of the cylinder; and so pushes the crank on the axle which is connected with the outer end of the piston-rod *p*.

As soon, however, as the piston reaches the end of the cylinder, and can go no farther, the motion would stop, and the parts remain immovable, — the pressure of the steam continuing in full force on the left hand face of the piston, — were it not for a contrivance by which the steam is shut off from that side, and admitted to the other, just before it reaches the end of the stroke. This is effected by means of the valve *t* at the top of the cylinder. This valve consists of a sliding box with a long handle *t*. There are sides and ends, and a top to this box; but it is open at the bottom.

You will see now that as it stands in Fig. 1, it leaves the left hand passage from the steam chamber into the cylinder open, so that the steam can go in on that side and push the piston toward the right; while at the same time the steam that is on the right side of the piston can go up through the valve, by the right hand passage, *i*, and pass down into the escape pipe *e*, which carries it off into the chimney.

But when this sliding valve has been pushed by the handle *t* into the position shown in Fig. 2, it shuts off the steam from entering any more on the left hand side, and allows what is already there to escape into the chimney through *e*, while at the same time it opens a passage for the steam into the right side, as shown by the arrows; and this steam, pressing, by its vast expansive force, upon the right side of the piston, forces it back toward the left. As soon as it reaches the end of the cylinder on that side, the valve is drawn forward again, and the steam is let off from the right side and admitted at the left, and so on. Thus so long as the valve is kept sliding to and fro, at the right moments, — which it requires only a small force to effect, — the piston is made to move to and fro with very great force, and by means of the proper mechanism connecting the piston-rod *p*, with the crank on the axle of the driving-wheels, the wheels are made to revolve with great rapidity, carrying forward the heavy

locomotive on the rails, and drawing along after it the long train of cars.

But how is it that this valve is made to slide to and fro in this manner in just the right time to produce this shifting of the current of steam, from one side to the other of the piston? It is done by the piston-rod itself, which is so connected with the rod *t* by proper mechanism, that when the piston is near one end of its course, and at exactly the right moment, it pushes the valve into its new position, sparing a little of its force for this purpose. It is as if with one hand it slipped the valve back and then forward, so as to change the course of the steam, while with the other it turned a massive and heavy crank by which it pulled the train along the line; only the hand with which it thus shifts the valve is very light and small, and the force which it exercises by means of it is very slight, compared with the tremendous energy which it expends in turning the great driving-wheels, and impelling them forward with so much speed on their course, notwithstanding all the holding back of the immense train dragging behind, with its hundreds of passengers, or its tons upon tons of blocks of stone, or bars of iron, or boxes and bales of heavy merchandise.

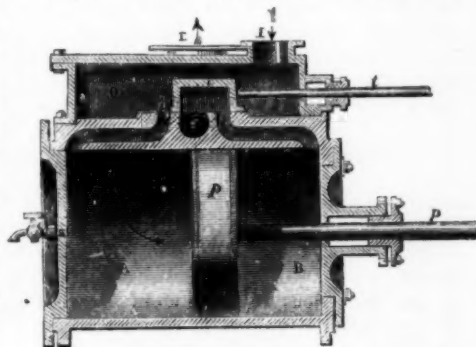
Every time that the sliding valve above described shifts its position so as to admit the steam into one end of the cylinder, and allow of the escape of it from the other end into the chimney, the escaping steam bursts out with a certain violence, and, with its well known sound of *choo! choo!* throwing up a puff of vapor at each issue from the top of the chimney. These explosions or puffs are very distinct at first; but when the engine is started, for the movement of the piston to and fro takes place then at a moderate rate, and the successive impulses can be readily distinguished by the ear. As the train however moves on, and gradually acquires speed, these movements succeed each other with greater and greater rapidity, until at length they run together and blend into a continuous sound; but this is soon lost in the overpowering noise made by the wheels of the locomotive and the train, as they thunder along their way.

VARIOUS MODES OF CONSTRUCTION.

In different locomotives the arrangements of the parts, and the character of the valve apparatus by which the steam is admitted, alternately, to the different ends of the cylinder, so as to act first on one side and then on the other of the piston, vary very greatly. But the principle is,

in all, the same as shown above. As to the other parts of the machinery, — the mechanism by which the piston-rod is made to turn the wheels, and by which it is also made to work the valve apparatus, — you can usually trace them pretty distinctly by looking at any locomotive as it stands on the rails at a station.

In doing this, the first thing to be looked for is the cylinder; and when you see it, and consider that it is within this little space that the steam does all its work of carrying forward the whole ponderous train, you will be surprised to



The Cylinder and Piston. Fig. 2.

see how small it is. You will know it at once by the piston-rod which issues from one end of it, and which, when the engine is in motion, moves in and out alternately, as the piston is driven to and fro within by the expansive force of the steam.

You will see, too, very easily, by tracing the connection of the piston-rod with the mechanism at the outer end of it, how it operates, by its pushing and pulling, to make the two great driving-wheels, as they are called, go round. It acts directly, you will see, only on one of the driving-wheels; but the two are connected together by a strong iron bar passing from one to the other, — the ends of the bar being fastened at a little distance from the centres of the wheels, in such a manner that when one is driven round by the working of the piston-rod, the other must revolve too.

THE TRUE SOURCE OF THE POWER.

In the above description we use language as it is ordinarily employed in attributing the force by which the piston is driven to the steam; and it is very well to use the language in this way, provided that we distinctly understand that the steam is, after all, only the vehicle through which

the expansive force of the *heat* is brought to act upon the piston, and that the real source of all the power is the *coal*, the combustion of which produces the heat. We can speak of the power of steam, just as we might speak of the power of a crowbar in lifting a heavy stone. But neither the steam nor the crowbar can exert any force, except *what is imparted* to them, — that of the crowbar, from the muscular strength of the man who wields it; and that of the steam, from the expansive force which the *heat* imparts to it.

Thus there is a long chain of causes and effects involved in the action of a locomotive engine, which chain ends with the moving of the train, and begins not with the steam, but with the *force stored in the wood or coal*, and brought into action in the process of combustion. The train is impelled along the rails by the revolving of the driving-wheels. The driving-wheels are turned by mechanism connected with the piston-rod. The piston-rod is moved to and fro by the piston. The piston is driven by the expansion of the volumes of steam. The steam is made to expand by the force of the heat, which force is in some mysterious way pent up in the wood or the coal, until the process of combustion sets it free. Here the series of sequences pass out of the sphere of the action of man, for he finds the wood and coal as they are, with all their latent force inherent in them, waiting for him to call it forth and use it. But we may carry our inquiries farther, and ask how came this force in the wood or coal. The answer is that it came from the heat of the sun, when the wood, or the mass of ancient vegetation from which the coal was formed, were growing. Here, however, we must stop; for our next inquiry would naturally be, from what source is derived the enormous store of force from which the sun draws his apparently inexhaustible supplies; and this question we cannot yet answer. The scientific world have long been engaged, and are still earnestly engaged in investigations and discussions in relation to this question, without, however, having yet arrived at any decisive result.

Thus the real reservoir of the power of the locomotive is in the store of wood or coal in the tenders. The wood, where wood is used, furnishes force derived from the sun a few years ago, when the trees were growing in a forest, or on the hill-sides near the line. The coal, on the other hand, where coal is used, contains a supply of the same force which was drawn from the same source ages and ages ago, and which has since lain stored up among the strata of the

earth, in readiness for the use of man, when his wants should require it.

The tender follows close after the engine, and is arranged so as to have all the middle portion devoted to the fuel, with a receptacle all around for the water. There is a funnel-shaped opening in the rear part of this receptacle, which is perforated with numerous small holes, — thus acting as a strainer, to prevent anything entering with the water which might choke up the pipes or valves of the machinery.

THE CARS.

Two very different systems are adopted in this country and in Europe, in respect to cars. In Europe, each car, or carriage (as they are called there), and even each compartment of the same car, is entirely separated from those adjoining it, so that it is not possible to pass from one to the other, except along the outside.

Then again the train is divided into different classes of cars, corresponding to the different classes and grades of people, so distinctly recognized in European countries. The arrangements in all, and especially in England, are made on the principle of separation and seclusion, — the miscellaneous mixing of people in public resorts being always there thought to be an evil to be guarded against by every possible means.

In this country we have an arrangement somewhat analogous to the European first-class carriages, — so far, at least, as to provide superior accommodations for those who are willing to pay a supplementary price — in the palace cars, and drawing-room cars now introduced upon different lines. The Pullman company now even provide what are called hotel cars, on many lines at the West, in which the most comfortable and elegant repasts can be enjoyed by the party of travellers, while they are still continuing their journey without interruption.

It is true that bed-room, drawing-room, and dining-room accommodations in the cars are much more necessary in this country, where there are so many continuous journeys to be taken, extending for thousands of miles, and requiring many days and nights of uninterrupted progress to accomplish them, than they are in England, on an island so limited in extent, that the longest continuous journey often taken, — namely, that from Edinburgh to London, — requires less than a day.

On the Continent the case is different. There continuous journeys are often of very considerable length, and something like the American

system is likely to be gradually introduced. The progress of such improvements is, however, sensibly impeded by monarchical and aristocratic reluctance to imitate anything that comes from America.

THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE.

The first locomotive steam-engine — that is, the first engine capable of moving itself from place to place on land, — was made, it is said, in France, by a mechanic named Cugnot, in 1769. His machine rested on three wheels of the ordinary construction, one being provided with short steel projections, or cogs, to enable it to take hold of the ground. The boiler was of the form of an enormous tea-kettle. The experiment was entirely successful, — so far at least as the locomotive power developed by it was concerned. The ponderous vehicle went forward with such force, in fact, that the engineer, it is said, lost control of it, and it came into collision with, and demolished a portion of the wall surrounding the inclosure in which the trial was made.

Men had not then conceived of the idea of rails for such an engine to run upon; and so, however successful an inventor might be in making his engine move, his invention would lead to no practical result, for the reason that prevents all contrivances for steam carriages on common roads from being useful.

This reason is that steam cannot, for any purpose, be worked profitably on a small scale. Its work must be on a great scale, to

make it "pay." Consequently, whenever there is load enough requiring transportation, to make it worth while to employ steam for the conveyance



Interior of a Pullman Car.

of it, it will also be cheaper to lay an iron track for the engine to run upon.

JOHNNY'S BOOTS: A TRUE STORY.

BY E. PRENTISS.

A LITTLE timid, shoeless boy

Plodded along the way

That led through fields, and led through woods,

To Sunday-school one day.

There rows of happy children sat,

And heard the story sweet,

How once in boyhood's simple guise

Christ walked with human feet:

Amid the rest, our hero heard

The tale his teacher taught;

But listened with divided mind, —

Listened with air distraught.

For of the little rows of feet

That hung from benches there,

All were in buttoned boots arrayed,

And his alone were bare,

He tried to keep them out of sight,
And blushed with fear and shame
When questioned whence he came, and why,
And asked his age and name.

But when the week came round again,
The shoeless little feet
Brought Johnny with contented face,
And helped him climb his seat.

Grave, earnest words the teacher spoke,
On sacred aim intent,
But on the children's faces saw
Nothing but merriment.

While little hands and smiling eyes
Said, "Teacher, do look there, —
Just look at Johnny's feet, and see
How soiled and black they are!"

"Dear Johnny," said the teacher, while
She found it hard to speak
Without a smile, "do wash your feet
Before you come next week."

Poor Johnny! Disappointed tears
Came rushing to his eyes;
He looked at his bare feet with shame
And sorrowful surprise.

"Why, them was clean!" he cried, "but as
I came to school to-day,
I saw a lot of walnut-trees
Growing along the way,

And one I climbed, — with green nuts,
And with some juicy roots
I stained 'em, till I thought you'd all
Think I'd got buttoned boots!"

Now smiles gave way to laughter loud,
It spread from seat to seat,
Till every child had looked at John, —
Looked at his shoeless feet.

But thoughtless mirth gave way before
The accents of surprise,
With which the teacher bade them look
At Johnny's weeping eyes.

And drew the grieved and frightened child
Within a kind embrace,
And wiped, with tender hand, the tears
From off his burning face.

Ah, Johnny! you need paint no more
Your feet with nuts and roots,
For He who was a boy like you
Will give you buttoned boots!

MIDSUMMER EVE.

[See the Frontispiece by John La Farge.]

A GOOD many of our customs and festival days have a pretty hard time of it when transplanted to this country from England. For instance, May Day with its flowers and May-pole, its out-of-door merriment and welcome of the summer, is apt to be a shivery sort of day if observed in the North, and some anxious people have tried to make the first of June into a May day, but that is not easy. What would one call Midsummer Day here? By the calendar the 31st of July or the 1st of August surely, and that would not be far wrong, though perhaps we are nearer the middle of the hot season about the middle of July. But in Europe Midsummer Day is made to correspond with the festival of the Church which is called the Nativity of St. John the Baptist, and occurs on the 24th of June.

Around the double character of Midsummer Eve and St. John's Eve many singular customs

have grown up, Pagan and Christian so blended that we can hardly tell what the exact origin was. It had something to do with a memorial of St. John the Baptist, no doubt, that a great deal was made of boughs of trees which people gathered in the night and hung over their doors, as if to recall the image of the herald of Christianity who lived in the wilderness. Then the notion of the exact middle of the year led people into fancying all manner of strange change coming over the world and over their lives; as if they had climbed with the sun to the top of a high hill and were now to go down the other side. There were a good many superstitions about death and about marriage. Parties of young men and women would go out at night in search of various plants, — such as St. John's wort, rue, vervain, all of which they imagined to have some magical properties, and likely especially

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to help them in getting married. The peasant girl in our picture is one who has strayed away from the rest in the moonlight and is plucking one of the flowers. She will carry it home with her, and very possibly lay it under her pillow; then her dreams will come true, and the young man whom she sees in her sleep will come and marry her. This young man, may be, was in the party she has left, and is holding a plate under a fern, patiently waiting to catch the seeds should they chance to fall: then if he gets any they will, he thinks, render him invisible and he can go and come and watch the maiden without himself being seen. All this sounds to you rather silly!

Well, did you ever think that many of these customs which we laugh at really tell us one thing: that people everywhere and always have felt that there was something in the world besides what they see and hear? As they become wiser and learn what God has told them in His word, and tells them now by His Spirit, they see that there are indeed a great multitude of real things which God has made to be about us that we do not see and hear; and that He himself draws near and speaks to us. Is not that more wonderful and better worth knowing than that we should be able only to speak with our lips and hear with our ears?

THE SETTLE.

HERE is a charade which I cannot guess, and some of the best guessers I know cannot guess; and I guess that if any boy or girl guesses this guess, he or she shall be entitled to a book worth a dollar and a half, for I think that the answer is worth it. I would have given a dollar and a half once to get it out of my head by means of the answer. Let me say, however, that if the answer is *tea-cup*, nobody deserves the book, least of all the person who made the charade; and all guessers are hereby warned that *tea-cup* will not be counted.

CHARADE.

Torn from its home by cruel hands,
My *first* a slave before you stands;
Yet nobly giving good for ill,
It strong or weak obeys your will.
My *second* in tales of mythic lore
The goddess Hebe to great Jove bore,
And oftentimes 'tis gently borne
From where my *first* is rudely torn;
Of varied color, shape, and size,
Without my *first* is little prized.
My *whole* is worth its weight in gold,
It's freely given, never sold;
Stored with all things rare and choice,
Wins ardent praise from every voice.

No prize except the consciousness of a well-spent hour, will be given to the guessers of the riddles that follow.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

When a small boy, of these I fondly thought.
Made of fresh gingerbread, for sixpence bought;
Now grown a man, on thee I fondly muse,
My own, my only — How I fear to lose
Thee, lady fair, because thy father proud
Of sixpences desires such a crowd.

1. I sit alone, of thee I dream,
Of thee, my whole, my all indeed;
My *first*'s a most appropriate theme,
Since absence fate for me decreed.
2. I only say my life is dreary,
Because the coming man delays;
Of waiting I am very weary,
Yet still the lazy fellow stays,
And I am plunged deep in my second,
And wander in life's darkest ways.
3. O sweetest satirist and kindest critic,
Let me turn from my idle, empty themes,
To read thy essays, to admire thy spirit,
To live once more among thy pleasant dreams.
4. Over your head
My depths are spread,
And I can send you sleepy to bed.
5. This the time of anxious care
For pretty maidens sweet and fair,
Lest it should a failure prove,
And liking should not turn to love.

F. LEIGH.

GERMAN RIDDLES.

1. How many peas go to a bushel?
2. Which burns longer, a wax or a sperm candle?
3. If you see it, you let it be; if you don't see it, you pick it up.
4. Five holes in a hole.
5. What fish travels without its head?
6. A little thing lies on the floor, which a baby can lift, but hundreds of horses cannot draw up?
7. I went to the wood to get it, I sat down and sought it, but not finding it, I carried it home in my hand.

ANAGRAMMATIC ENIGMAS.

1. I am composed of fifteen letters.

My 9, 3, 4, 11, is a bird.

My 8, 7, 13, is an animal.

My 2, 15, 4, is a number.

My 9, 10, 15, 5, 4, 3, is one of the seasons.

My 1, 2, 13, 6, 10, 4, is a girl's name.

My 12, 14, 11, is a relation.

My 1, 2, 9, is not high.

My whole is my name.

2. I am composed of fourteen letters.

My 12, 9, 6, 10, 2, is a musical instrument.

My 1, 11, 6, 4, 5, is what boys like to do.

My 12, 2, 13, 14, is used in fishing.

My 8, 2, 12, is a pretty toy.

My 12, 2, 12, 14, is the head of the Roman Church.

My 7, 9, 3, 14, is a number.

My 5, 6, 3, is a troublesome insect.

My 11, 7, 9, 2, 3, is a disagreeable vegetable.

My 4, 2, 6, 12, is useful in making one's toilet.

My 5, 6, 3, is used in making leather.

My 12, 6, 8, is a nickname.

My 14, 6, 5, is what we have to do to live.

My 13, 6, 7, 14, is a narrow street.

My whole is one of the large cities of the world.

OLIVER.

SPHINX'S PUZZLES.

1. How many feet have forty sheep, the shepherd, and his dog?

2. What goes through the water, over the bridge, and on the stones, with its head downwards?

3. A headless man had a letter to write.

It was read by one who had lost his sight;

The dumb repeated it word for word,

And he that was deaf both listened and heard.

4. Cut off my head and I am singular,

Cut off my tail and I am plural,

Cut off head and tail and I am nothing.

A LATIN SERMON.

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6. Here is the famous riddle, for the solution of which £50 was offered. The prize has never yet been claimed. It was written by Miss Stewart.

The noblest object in the world of art,
The brightest gem that Nature can impart,
The point essential in a lawyer's case,
The well-known signal in the time of peace,
The farmer's prompter when he drives the plough,
The soldier's duty and the lover's vow;
The planet seen between the earth and sun,
The prize that merit never yet has won,

The miser's treasure, and the badge of Jews,
The wife's ambition, and the parson's dues.

Now if your noble spirit can divine

A corresponding word for every line,

By the first letters quickly will be shown

An ancient city of no small renown.

7. Take an apple in each hand: extend your arms, and put both apples in one hand without bringing your hands together.

8. Three jealous husbands and three jealous wives come to a stream. There is a small boat that will only hold two. How did the party cross, so as never to leave one man with another one's wife without her husband?

9. Two men having an eight gallon, a five gallon, and a three gallon measure, wish to divide equally eight gallons of beer. How did they manage?

10. Fifteen Turks, with fifteen Christian prisoners, were on board a ship. A great storm arising, it was agreed that half the crew should be thrown overboard. They all stood in a circle, and every ninth man was taken, until fifteen were thrown out. The Turks arranged it so that every ninth man was a Christian. How did they stand?

11. Two travellers, one having five loaves and the other three, sat down at a desert oasis to take their noonday meal. Just as they were commencing, a third presented himself and begged for a share of the food. His request was granted; and after enjoying a pleasant hour, he arose, and left eight pieces of gold to pay for his share. How did the two travellers divide the money?

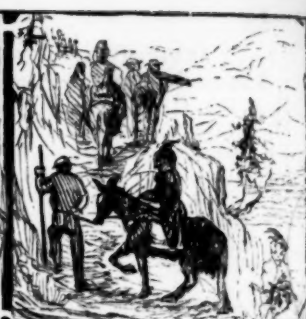
12. How can you plant nineteen trees in five rows, five in each row?

13. Write down four sixes, so as to make 67.

14. A gentleman sent his servant with a present of nine ducks, the number being distinctly marked on the box. The fellow stole three, but managed (without altering the mark) to make the number of ducks correspond with the mark outside. How did he do it?

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS IN JULY NUMBER.

Double Acrostic Charade. — Foundation Words — Snow, Drop. Cross Words — Snood, never, Orionoco, whoop. Anagrammatic Enigmas. — 1. Paint. 2. Australia. 3. New Orleans. 4. Amyit, Princess of Media. 5. Parepa-Rosa. Charades. — 1. Glass Blower. 2. Riverside. Proverb in Picture. — An ill cook must have her claver. Adjectives Compared. — No, noah, know'st; bee, beer, beast; row, roar, roast; tay, tear, taste; I, ice, iced; Lee, Lear, least; go, gore, ghost; bay, bear, baste; pay, pear, paste; a, air, 'aste; hay, hair, haste; way, ware, waste; weigh, ware, waist; bow, bore, boast; co, core, coast; hoe, hoar, host.

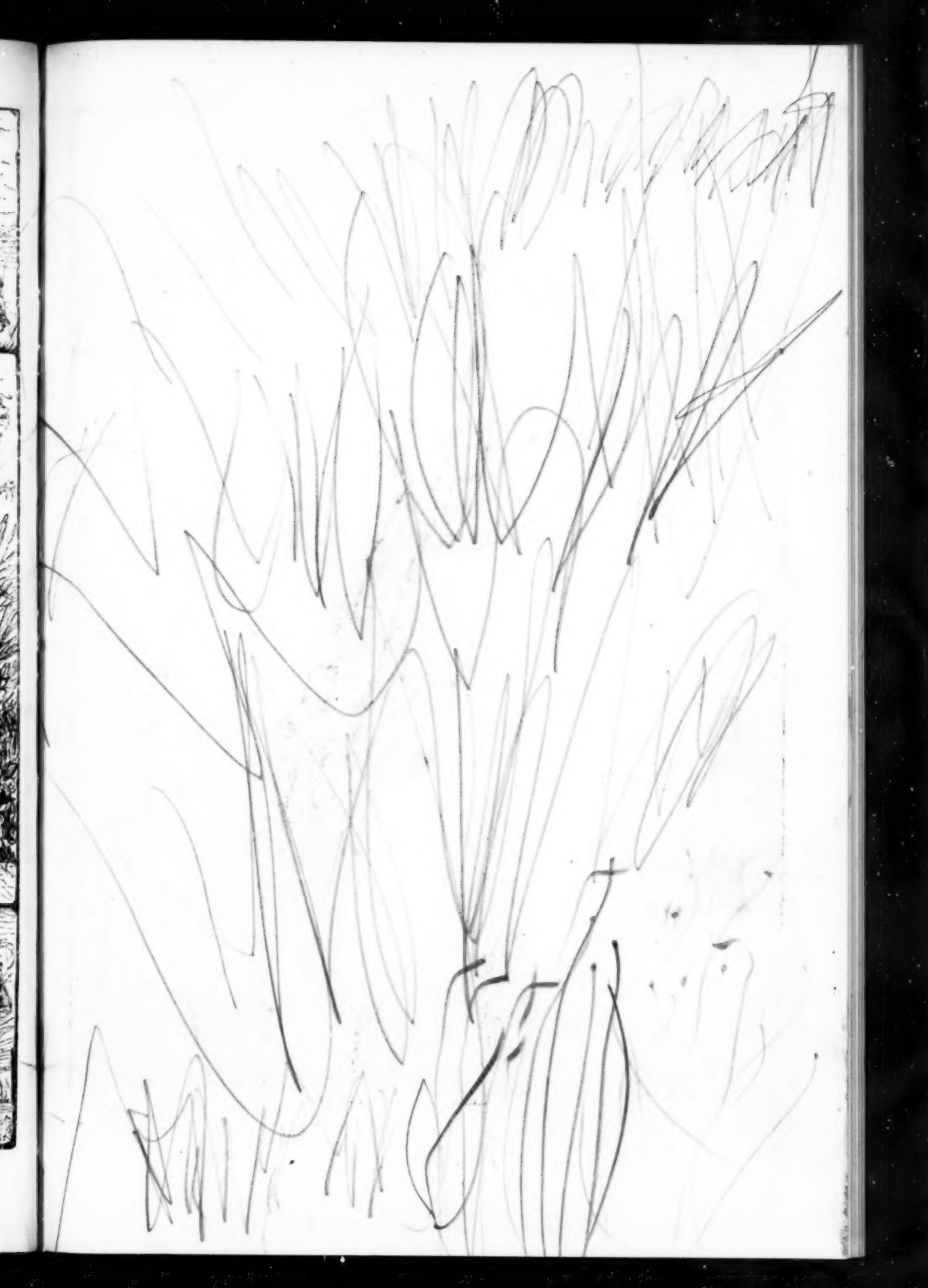


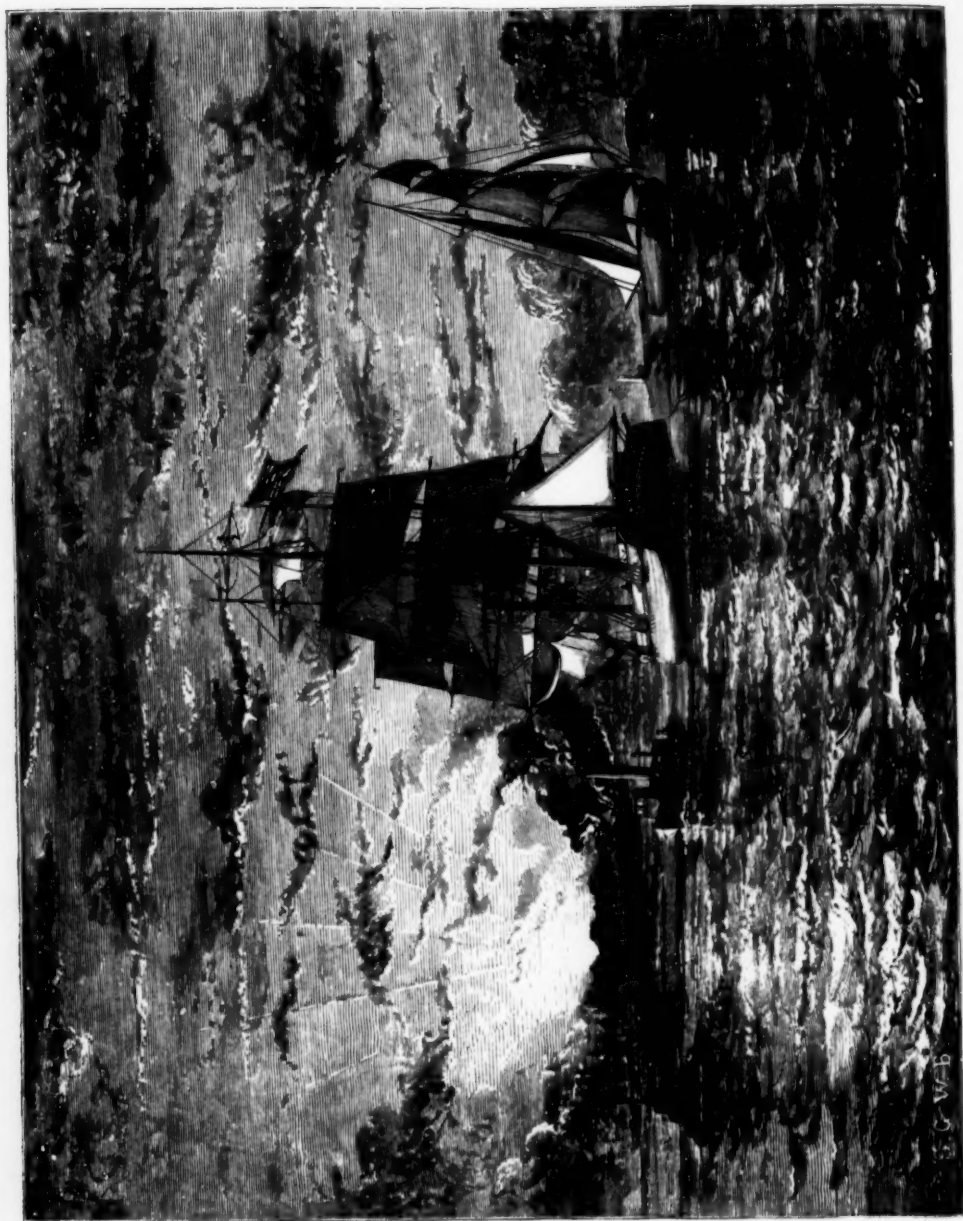
Monday . .	1	Queen Anne died, 1714.
Tuesday . .	2	
Wednesday . .	3	Columbus sailed from Palos, 1492.
Thursday . .	4	Calais surrendered to Edward III., 1347.
Friday . . .	5	
Saturday . .	6	Prince of Wales born, 1844.
Sunday . .	7	Battle of Thermopylae, 480 B. C.
Monday . . .	8	
Tuesday . . .	9	Abolition of slavery declared at Washington, [1842]
Wednesday . .	10	Battle of Cedar Run, Va., 1862.
Thursday . .	11	
Friday . . .	12	William Blake died, 1828.
Saturday . .	13	
Sunday . .	14	The stillman and the Cathedral begun, [1248.]
Monday . . .	15	Sir Walter Scott died, 1832.
Tuesday . . .	16	First message over Atlantic cable, 1860.
Wednesday . .	17	Frederick the Great died, [Va., 1587.]
Thursday . .	18	First English colony in America, Roanoke.
Friday . . .	19	
Saturday . .	20	
Sunday . .	21	Hartford Charter of the Connecticut, 1636.
Monday . . .	22	Yacht America christened, 1851.
Tuesday . . .	23	Commodore Perry died, 1859.
Wednesday . .	24	Massacre of St. Bartholomew, 1572.
Thursday . .	25	Commodore Preble died, 1807.
Friday . . .	26	
Saturday . .	27	
Sunday . .	28	Hudson discovered Delaware Bay, 1609.
Monday . . .	29	
Tuesday . . .	30	Second battle of Bull Run, 1862.
Wednesday . .	31	John Bunyan died, 1683.



AUGUST!







OUTWARD BOUND.

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